

Russian Trade • Slave Trade • Boycott Trade-Off

The Editors on Gas Guzzlers • John Osborne on Carter's New World

# THE NEW REPUBLIC

June 4, 1977

RITTER LIBRARY  
BALDWIN-WALLACE  
COLLEGE

Price 75 cents

## Before the Revolution

*Benjamin De Mott on Adam Ulam*

APER NEWSPAPER

NR BLD4 W029 JAN 78 1 01  
BALDWIN WALLACE COLLEGE  
RITTER LIBRARY PROCLS  
BEREA OHIO 44017



Tikhomirov



Dmitri Karakozov



Peter Kropotkin



Nicholas Morozov



Vera Figner

# Some of the Saddest Children in the World are Starting to Smile...



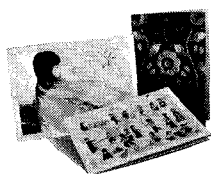
Hungry Children.  
Sick Children.

Children with little chance of education. Millions of children in the poorest countries of Africa, Asia and Latin America.

In over 100 countries, UNICEF, the United Nations Children's Fund, is helping to make these children smile—with more and better food, improved health care and increased educational opportunities.

You can help too, by buying UNICEF Cards, Stationery and Gifts. Proceeds from just one box of cards can provide 185 PAS tablets to help cure children of tuberculosis, a stationery portfolio can mean a new stethoscope for a rural health center, a UNICEF puzzle may supply a box of chalk for a classroom teacher. And since the world of tomorrow will be run by the children of today, supporting UNICEF's efforts to give them a better start in life can help to insure a more peaceful world for future generations.

The truly international collection of UNICEF Cards, Notes and Stationery are perfect for birthdays, anniversaries, congratulations, thank you, or for just keeping in touch. UNICEF gifts—puzzles, games, story books, coloring books—are an educational treat for children any time of the year.



Write for a free color brochure:  
U.S. Committee for UNICEF, Dept. GC  
331 East 38th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

## UNICEF



*Cards • Stationery • Gifts*

# TRB

from Washington  
June 4, 1977

®

## Facing the Music

Ehrlichman, Haldeman, Mitchell—they go to jail; Nixon stays out and makes a mint of money.

It is so of Spiro Agnew, too: business associates get jail sentences; Elliot Richardson, however, feels that in his case "leniency is justified."

The public comments, "They suffered enough." Awe of the White House seems to follow even those who degraded it. They are not like other men; leave them to their shame! Nixon seems to be handling his shame very well.

I suggest that even now we haven't learned the lesson of Watergate; maybe we can't learn it. We have had a warning, though. The office of the presidency is capable of terrifying abuse; we elect people to that office of whom we sometimes know little; when in office they are treated with fawning obsequiousness; the restraints that should hold them in check—Congress, the media, the courts, public opinion—may or may not work. In Nixon's case they didn't work. He spied, lied, intrigued, plotted, bombed, made war. "When the president does it," he explained, "that means it is not illegal." The phrase passes into history.

The *Reader's Digest*, under the title "Watergate—A Reminder," July 1973, took the comforting line for its 20 million readers. Condensing an article by Vermont Royster from the *Wall Street Journal*, it declared, "In the midst of our outrage, we ought to be mindful of one thing: the scandal was not a failure of our political system; indeed, it was the system that saved us."

This is nonsense. What saved us was not our political system; it was that Nixon tripped himself up with his crazy tapes which he arrogantly refused to destroy. Will a future Nixon or Agnew do that? Even up to five days before Nixon resigned, he could have escaped a two-thirds Senate guilty vote on impeachment proceedings save for the

revelation of the June 23, 1972 tapes that showed he had participated in the cover-up plot from the start.

All four of the David Frost interviews were passed around Washington before delivery, together with careful leaks of juicy bits to tweak public curiosity. The television stage directions are Shakespearean. The script begins, MUSIC WITH OPENING TITLES. Here is the Nixon bit complaining of the "double standard" of Spiro Agnew's treatment: "he got a lot rougher treatment than would have been the case had he been one of the liberals' favorite pin-up boys," Nixon sneers. End of episode.

MUSIC INTO STATION IDENTIFICATION

STATION IDENTIFICATION.

David Frost here interpolates a teaser about what comes next in the story and the script says,

COMMERCIAL # 3

MUSIC OUT OF COMMERCIAL

—and the performance proceeds. Reading the script in cold print that way, you think of all those golden "commercials" interlarded on different stations in different cities—ex-President Nixon Courtesy of Somebody's Dental Grip Toothpaste—and of all the cash that comes from disgracing the presidency.

On April 30, 1973 Nixon spoke to the nation: "Some people . . . will say that Watergate demonstrates the bankruptcy of the American political system. I believe precisely the opposite is true. Watergate represented a series of illegal acts and bad judgments by a number of individuals. It was the system that has brought the facts to light and that will bring those guilty to justice . . . It is essential now that we place our faith in that system."

Yes, that's what he told them. Nixon somehow always gets there before you do, whether it's the White House or San Clemente or your parlor. Don't think he's not still capable of venomous jabs. Last week he referred to *The Final Days* by Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein. He hasn't read the book, he said, which he described as "trash," but he said that "Mrs. Nixon read it, and her stroke came three days later . . . this doesn't indicate that that caused the stroke, but it sure didn't help." That's a skillful thrust by the old master, blaming his wife's misfortune on his critics.

There is the episode where Nixon and Kissinger weep as they say goodbye. Doubtless it moved millions last week. "I just can't stand to see somebody else with tears in their eyes, crying," Nixon

(continued on page 37)

Experience the genius of the "great musician of all time"  
—as you may never have experienced it before

**TIME  
LIFE  
RECORDS**

# The Definitive Beethoven Collection

As your introduction to  
**THE BEETHOVEN  
BICENTENNIAL SERIES**  
listen to the first 6 symphonies  
for 10 days free!

Over the years there have been many record albums devoted to various works of the immortal Ludwig van Beethoven. But there has never been a complete collection of all his works. That is why TIME-LIFE RECORDS assembled this magnificent collection in 17 volumes that contain every important work the master ever wrote—even some rare vocal pieces never before available! It's the **BEETHOVEN BICENTENNIAL COLLECTION**, recorded by the famous Deutsche Grammophon Company of Germany.

This feast of Beethoven is performed by such world-renowned artists as Conductor Herbert von Karajan, supreme interpreter of Beethoven's symphonic works; the great violinist Yehudi Menuhin; opera's greatest dramatic soprano, Birgit Nilsson; Wilhelm Kempff, dean of Continental pianists; silken-toned cellist Pierre Fournier; Britain's brilliant Amadeus Quartet; and the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra.

**10-day free audition:** To introduce you to this incomparable collection we invite you to audition Volume 1, the first six symphonies plus the popular *Leonore Overture No. 3*, for 10 days FREE. These selections were performed by the renowned Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Herbert von Karajan. Highlighted in Volume 1 are:

- ☐ SYMPHONY NO. 3 in E Flat Major—the "Eroica."
- ☐ SYMPHONY NO. 5 in C Minor—The opening is probably Beethoven's most well-known theme.
- ☐ SYMPHONY NO. 6 in F Major—the "Pastoral."

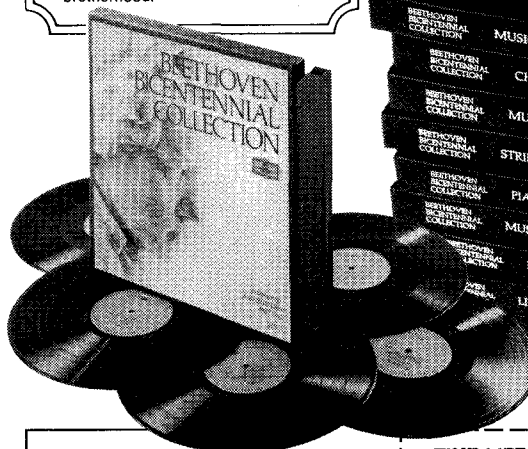
Only the beginning: If you decide to keep the five records of Volume 1 for the low price of \$19.95 plus shipping and handling, you become entitled, as a subscriber, to audition approximately every other month, future albums in this fantastic 17-volume Beethoven collection for the same low price. Some of the magnificent works contained in future volumes are:

- ☐ The 9th Symphony—a revolutionary work in that it was the first choral symphony ever composed.
- ☐ **MISSA SOLEMNIS**—An exhilarating synthesis of symphony, opera and church music.
- ☐ **EGMONT**—the complete incidental music to the heroic drama by Goethe.
- ☐ The 16 Quartets—showing Beethoven's evolution from the classical style of Haydn and Mozart to the highly original and exciting style of the last five quartets.

**No risk or obligation:** To receive Volume 1 for 10-day free audition, return the post-paid card. If you decide to keep it, we will include, free, the giant book on Beethoven described at right. You are under no obligation to purchase any minimum number of volumes and you may cancel your subscription at any time. Mail the attached card or use the coupon at right.

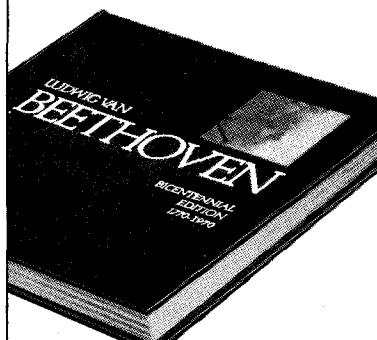


Beethoven's achievements are a reflection of the man himself, for his music is like a diary into which he poured his life, his desires, his regrets, his furies, his melancholies, and his loves. Beethoven was at constant odds with his society—a society steeped in a stormy world of revolution. He transposed his own personal struggle to the scale of the whole human race, and dreamed of bringing to it joy and universal brotherhood.



**PLUS a FREE  
Beethoven Volume**  
(published at \$29<sup>50</sup>)

This huge, handsome commemorative volume—now out of print—covers the master and his work in rich detail. Includes much material never available to the public before. 267 pages, 269 illustrations in color, and black and white—music scores, paintings, drawings, manuscripts, etc.



## TIME-LIFE RECORDS

TIME & LIFE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill. 60611

Yes, I would like to examine the first album of the *Beethoven Bicentennial Collection*. Please send it to me—together with my free \$29.50 Beethoven book—for 10 days' free examination and enter my subscription to the *Beethoven Bicentennial Collection*. If I decide to keep the first album, I will pay \$19.95 plus shipping and handling. I then will receive future albums in the *Beethoven Bicentennial Collection*, shipped an album at a time approximately every other month. Each is \$19.95 plus shipping and handling and comes on a 10-day free-examination basis. There is no minimum number of albums that I must buy, and I may cancel my subscription at any time simply by notifying you.

If I do not choose to keep the first album, I will return the album and the book within 10 days, my subscription will be canceled and I will not be under any further obligation.

RBBG73

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Apt. No. \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
(or Prov.) (or Code)



A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 176, No. 23, Issue 3256, June 4, 1977. Published weekly (except the issues of January 8, July 16, August 13, August 27, December 31) and distributed by *The New Republic, Inc.*, 1220 19th Street, N.W. Washington, DC 20036. Phone 331-7494. Single copy, 75¢; Yearly subscriptions, \$21; foreign, \$24; students, \$14.

Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Department, *The New Republic*, 381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302. Copyright 1977 by *The New Republic, Inc.* Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Reader's Guide.

## Contents

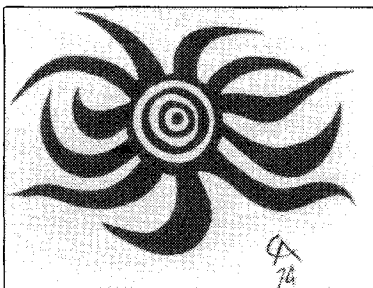
|                      |    |                                                                                  |
|----------------------|----|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| TRB from Washington  | 2  | Facing the Music                                                                 |
| Comment              | 5  | What America Makes Cabbage, Concluded                                            |
|                      | 7  | Correspondence                                                                   |
| John Osborne         | 8  | White House Watch: Carter's New World                                            |
| Morton Kondracke     | 11 | Unhappy Warrior                                                                  |
| David Fromkin        | 12 | Drawing the Line                                                                 |
| Ronald Steel         | 14 | Motherhood, Apple Pie and Human Rights                                           |
| Daniel Yergin        | 16 | Soviet Trade                                                                     |
| Edgar M. Bronfman    | 17 | Anti-Boycott Legislation                                                         |
| Donald Katz          | 19 | The Slave Trade                                                                  |
| Stanley Kauffmann    | 22 | Films                                                                            |
| John Seelye          | 23 | Television                                                                       |
|                      |    | Books Considered                                                                 |
| Benjamin DeMott      | 26 | In the Name of the People by Adam B. Ulam                                        |
| Theodore Rosengarten | 28 | The Civil War Sketchbook of Charles Ellery Stedman by Jim Dan Hill               |
| Richard Bienvenu     | 29 | William Morris by E.P. Thompson                                                  |
| Henry Fairlie        | 31 | Hermit of Peking by Hugh Trevor-Roper                                            |
| Gerald Weales        | 32 | Androgyne, Mon Amour by Tennessee Williams                                       |
| Cathrael Kazin       | 34 | Henry's Fate and Other Poems, 1967-72 by John Berryman, edited by John Haffenden |
| Townsend Ludington   | 35 | By Force of Will by Scott Donaldson                                              |
| Roger Rosenblatt     | 36 | The Back of the Book                                                             |
| Washington Diarist   | 42 | Racket Club                                                                      |

# Calder

Six original plate-signed lithographs created by Alexander Calder. These six lithographs were conceived from "Flying Colors," a mural painted on a DC 8-62 jet.

Each of these lithographs will be authenticated with the embossed cachet of "The Flying Colors Collection."® Pulled on 100% rag Arches paper and printed in Paris on the traditional flat bed presses which have been used for over 100 years in this method of printing.

The dimensions are 22" x 28" and are delivered framed for \$65 each plus shipping charges of \$3.95. The frame chosen is an award-winning welded, one-piece aluminum frame.



Sunburst

Send for free color catalog sheet.

**The Flying Colors Collection**  
221 Park Ave. So., New York, N.Y. 10003

### Cover photograph credits:

Lev Tikhomirov (S. S. Volk, *Narodnaya Volya*, Moscow, 1966); Vera Figner (New York Public Library); Nicholas Morozov (Morozov, *Povesti Moei Zhizni*, Vol. I, Moscow, 1961); Dmitri Karakozov (A. A. Shilov, Karakozov, Petrograd, 1919); Peter Kropotkin (Sovfoto)

We wish to thank Viking Press for permission to reprint these photographs from *In the Name of the People* by Adam B. Ulam.

## The Staff

Editor—Martin Peretz  
Publisher—Robert J. Myers  
Managing Editor—Michael Kinsley  
Literary Editor—Roger Rosenblatt  
Executive Editor—Morton Kondracke  
Senior Editors—John Osborne, Eliot Marshall  
Politics Editor—Ken Bode  
Assistant to the Editors—Gwen Somers  
Films and Theater—Stanley Kauffmann  
Guest Poetry Editor—Robert Fitzgerald  
Contributing Editors—Robert Brustein, Robert Coles, Henry Fairlie, Joseph Featherstone, Gerald W. Johnson, Nathan Lewin, Roger Morris, Peter J. Ognibene, John Seelye, Tad Szulc, Melville J. Ulmer, Michael Walzer  
Assistant Editor—Philip Terzian

Production—Mary Henninger, Grace Paine  
Literary Assistant—Roberta Tovey  
Circulation Manager—Elizabeth Scanlan O'Brien  
Business Manager—Rhonda Davis Schoem  
Bookkeeper—Donna J. Melson  
Accounting Clerk—Carolyn Carpenter  
Feature Syndicate—Leslie B. Seagrave  
Director of Advertising—Beth W. Newburger (202) 331-7494  
Advertising Assistant—Barbara Albert  
Classified Advertising—Barbara Gilbreth  
Receptionist—Ruby McGowan  
Editorial Assistant—Alan Sweetbaum  
Leadership Network Advertising—Robert F. Sennott, Jr., New York (212) 532-2500

June 4, 1977



---

## What America Makes

President Carter's energy plan is still emerging from the shadows, and no part of it is more obscure than the proposal to tax America's gas guzzling cars. What once seemed the centerpiece of the plan now seems destined for the junk heap. The gas guzzler tax has few supporters even among the government officials who are paid to defend it. It was poorly thought through, flawed in conception and little discussed within the government before Carter made his energy speech in April. In consequence, its designers have been tinkering with it ever since, trying gamely to meet objections as they arise.

The gas guzzling automobile eminently deserves to be taxed. Twenty-six percent of the energy consumed in the US is used in transportation, and half of that is used to propel cars. The American auto is uniquely wasteful, as the booklet issued with Carter's energy statement points out: "Overseas, there is no greater symbol of American energy waste than the heavy, powerful, accessory-laden American automobile. An average new car in Europe weighs about 1900 pounds; in the United States, about 3300." Carter's energy planners zeroed in on the big car because they believe that existing legislation—passed in 1975—is not

stringent enough to discourage the purchase of gas guzzlers or to induce the fuel savings they want to achieve. The 1975 law requires the car manufacturers to meet annual deadlines for the next 10 years so that in 1985 the average efficiency for all new cars in the US will be 27.5 miles per gallon. Companies that fail to meet the deadlines will be fined.

When Carter's energy czar and his staff attacked the gas guzzler this spring before writing the energy speech, they ran into the same problems their predecessors had met. As one Treasury tax expert put it, they were told that if they imposed a heavy tax on big cars, "Detroit would fold." Not wishing to close Detroit, they backed off and modified the proposal in ways that they hoped would please the auto industry. In the end they trimmed the plan so thoroughly that it now seems pointless.

The fundamental error was the decision to balance the tax on wasteful cars with a cash rebate to "efficient" cars. The rebate was introduced to meet the objection that a simple tax, without a refund, would drain away people's purchasing power, discourage car sales and hurt the economy. With a rebate, the money was to be taken out and immediately pumped back in, theoretical-

ly causing no damage to business. But this change transformed a straightforward tax proposal into a grandiose scheme of penalties and rewards intended to guide American car manufacturers to their own salvation.

Leaving aside the question of whether or not the tax system should be burdened with such complex chores of behavior modification, we see two practical problems in the scheme that make it objectionable. The first is that the rebate plan is generous to the point of frivolity. One of this fall's cars, a 1978 model, would be taxed only if it gets less than 18 miles per gallon; all cars that get more than 19 miles a gallon would be subsidized. General Motors predicts that because it began to lighten its luxury cars before the other companies did, it would benefit more than its competitors if the rebate is enacted. GM expects the government would give out more money in rebates to its customers than it would collect in taxes. Does this mean that Carter is willing to subsidize GM's sales? Does it mean that taxes collected from people who buy cars from Ford, Chrysler and American Motors would subsidize GM? The energy office hasn't worked out these details yet.

The second flaw in the program is more significant. Any plan to subsidize the sale of small cars would benefit foreign manufacturers more than American companies because foreigners seem to make better small cars. Their small cars are more popular, at any rate, than American small cars. Anticipating this objection, the President's energy experts decided to make another deal. They promised to set up an "orderly marketing agreement"—a cartel—to keep foreign cars from taking over any more of the US market than they already control. Carter officials freely concede that this was meant to mollify the industry and the auto workers. The administration proposed to set up company-by-company categories for subsidies to cars made overseas, so that no foreign manufacturer would collect rebates for more cars than were sold in the US in 1976. According to a Treasury official, Carter's energy staff realized "rather late in the game" that this would violate basic international trade agreements to which the US is a party on free trade between the US, Japan and Europe. They backed off and proposed instead to create a "voluntary" plan to restrict imports. Voluntary

means unenforceable. No negotiations have been launched and none are anticipated unless Congress expresses a liking for the idea.

This plan is unacceptable because it would penalize the very companies that led the world in making efficient cars—the only competition that has drawn Detroit, against its wishes, into the small car business. If the foreign competition were brought to heel, would Carter's tax rebate system be strong enough to move Detroit quickly in the direction of greater efficiency, or would Detroit try to beat the system? It is impossible to predict. Beyond everything else wrong with it, this trade restraint also would be difficult to administer. For the last several years, the foreign share of the US market hovered between 15 and 17 percent. But in the first quarter of 1977 it jumped to nearly 20 percent. No matter where the government fixes the percentage of imports today, it will hear vociferous complaints that it has set the rate too high or too low.

A spokesman for the auto lobby in Washington, DC, said he expects the gas guzzler tax and rebate to "die of its own weight." It has so many enemies, he said, that no amount of presidential speechmaking can save it. The automakers dislike it because they believe it will hurt their sales this year and favor foreign cars. Thomas Murphy, chairman of the board of GM, reminded us this month in General Bullmoose fashion that "What America makes, makes America." He does not want the government to "conserve us into a recession" by discouraging domestic auto sales. The United Auto Workers and the AFL-CIO oppose the rebate for similar reasons, as do Democratic leaders such as House Speaker Tip O'Neill and Robert Byrd, Majority Leader of the Senate. Liberal members of the House Ways and Means Committee, where our tax legislation is written, have spoken against the plan as well. The auto rebate has no friends, and in view of the anticompetitive trade agreements it would require to win enactment, it should be allowed to die an unmourned death.

## Cabbage, Concluded

In a rash moment a month ago, we offered a free year's subscription to *TNR* for further reports of a 26,911 word regulation on any subject, like those that have been appearing since the early 1950s about an alleged US government regulation of cabbage and others that surfaced recently concerning a supposed Common Market regulation of Duck Eggs. (See "26,911 Little Words," *TNR*, April 23; Washington Diarist, "Duck Eggs," *TNR*, May 7; Correspondence, May 14.) We

**COMING:**  
Henry Fairlie on  
the notorious  
Caddell memo

# Correspondence

## Whither Henry Fairlie

To the editors:

In responding to Henry Fairlie's "The Harlot's Prerogative" in the April 30th and May 7th issues (one of the most stimulating articles I have seen in *TNR* for a long time), it almost does *not* seem coincidental that I also received in the mail a printed circular from the *New York Times* requesting my subscription to the daily paper.

Mr. Fairlie feels that today's James Reston, Tom Wicker or William Safire are no match for yesterday's Walter Lippmann, Joseph Alsop, Stewart Alsop, Marquis Childs and "a dozen others." Perhaps he is right. However, Fairlie should take into consideration that (1) television has replaced (or misplaced) newspaper news, and (2) today's generation is a non-readership. Although the trade journal, *Publishers Weekly*, will have us believe that magazine and book productions are at an all time high, nevertheless more and more high school "graduates" display gross inefficiencies in reading and writing. Ten years ago I used to receive a dozen letters from friends weekly, whereas the *same* friends write, at the most, a dozen letters yearly. Whoever buys a daily, usually reads (1) classified ads, (2) sports, and (3) the comics.

Considering myself as a writer, I feel that my breed belongs to the endangered species and will likely burn out with me (and others). Therefore, I consider Mr. Fairlie's a sad, but an accurate, eulogy of our press.

Hans A. Illing  
Los Angeles, California

To the editors:

No writer has straightened my backbone more consistently than Henry Fairlie, whose explorations of our political parties were extraordinarily thought-provoking and whose essay on political columnists was one I tore out and circulated to some conservative but otherwise decent friends. His examination of the American Press is in the same mold, uniquely external—not to say objective—in viewpoint; pungent, and frequently acute.

One of his points went off like a flashbulb as I read it, illuminating several corners of my experience. I refer to his perceptions of management and its relationship to the working journalists. This illness is not confined to the newspaper world, or to the press as Fairlie broadly defines it.

The problem has reared its head everywhere and may be one of the most serious maladies afflicting our society today. In the hospital, the burgeoning of management has in the past 20 years completely altered the texture of care and added to the burden of costs. And if anyone can seriously claim that hospitals and medical care have grown in stature or trust recently, then I would be ready to consider that this has been a beneficial change.

Look around the hospital cafeteria these days and see how few white (or colored) uniforms you see compared with the business dress of the management team.

It is time, really, to ask what middle management is all about. We know that the necessity for management as a specialty has grown with the complexity of our society and with the demands of our growing bureaucracy of managers in government. But management has now begun to feed and stroke itself. Ultimately, the managers come to feel more important than the object of their management, or lose sight of that object entirely. If the newspaperman can get his work back into focus; if the health care "industry" can return to the patient as the primary concern of medical care; and, indeed if throughout society we can bring our essential but overgrown management teams under control to serve specific non-management objectives, I believe we will have moved a long way toward recovery from our malaise.

John L. Meyer, II, MD  
Thompson, Connecticut

To the editors:

There can be no better example of the malaise of the American press than Henry Fairlie's own inchoate and frivolous contribution.

I also served part of my apprenticeship as a journalist on *The Times*, so I

understand where Fairlie developed his incestuous propensity to drop names. I am not so clear, however, where he developed his talent to write four long pages without saying anything at all about principles—or the effrontery to promise us further installments.

There is nothing wrong with American journalism that firing a few hundred Henry Fairlies would not cure.

David Yudelman  
New Haven, Connecticut

To the editors:

Henry Fairlie's snide swipe at Kingman Brewster in the May 14 "Washington Diarist" is inaccurate and unfair. Although *The Greening of America* and *Love Story* undoubtedly were the most commercially "successful" books produced by Yale professors during Brewster's presidency, clearly the former failed as social prophecy, and latter as literature. But more to the point, Brewster no more deserves the blame for these lucrative lapses of professorial wisdom than he does the credit for more enduring achievements such as Alexander Bickel's constitutional studies or R. W. B. Lewis's biography of Edith Wharton (or, for that matter, Erich Segal's well-received scholarly study of Roman comedy).

The true achievements of Brewster's tenure were administrative and institutional: He opened Yale's doors to a more diverse and less well-to-do student body than ever before, including women and unprecedented numbers of blacks and other minorities. He encouraged innovation in the curriculum. He fostered the growth of programs in art, music and drama; attracted the Paul Mellon donation of the new center for British art and British studies; founded a new institute for mid-career studies in public and private management. Despite these ambitious developments he kept the deficit in check.

Most pertinent to his new career as ambassador are the diplomatic skills he brought to bear in balancing the conflicting interests and passions of students, faculty, alumni and administration during a time when many less fortunate universities teetered at the brink of chaos. While some campuses were paralyzed by student occupations and martial reprisals, at Yale learning went on even with classes suspended.

David B. Monk  
Cambridge, Massachusetts

hereby announce that the contest is over. It was threatening to deplete our rolls of paying subscribers.

We assumed that the disease would go into remission for a while following nationwide exposure of the hoax in *TNR*, on Walter Cronkite's TV news show and on CBS radio. But readers have been sending in a steady stream of clippings for the past three weeks, all dated after the national publicity. Many of these do not qualify for the free subscription because they simply pick up the phony UPI dispatch about the Common Market and duck eggs. Four of them, however, appear to be independent reports of lengthy regulations, with the usual comparison to the terseness of the Lord's Prayer, etc. That old stand-by, the 26,911-word cabbage regulation, has made three appearances: in Bob Talbert's column in the *Detroit Free Press* of April 27 (reported by Bruce Carr of Huntington Woods, Michigan); on the editorial page of the *Charlotte Observer* of May 4 (reported by Professor E.F. Patterson of Davidson College); and in an article entitled "Big Government or Big Brother?" in the May issue of *Intellect Magazine* (reported by Jeb S. Cox of Alexandria, Virginia). A new development (reported by Peter H. Sawitz of Bethesda, Maryland) is the following story of a 25,911-word regulation on the subject of candy, reprinted in full from the May 6 issue of a New York German-language newspaper, *Aufbau*. The headline was "Worte, nichts als Worte. . ."

*Die 10 Gebote enthalten 279, die amerikanische Unabhängigkeitserklärung 300 Wörter. Die Verordnung der Europäischen Gemeinschaft über den Import von Karamelbonbons aber exakt 25,911 Wörter.*

## **White House Watch**

---

### **Carter's New World**

At the White House after Jimmy Carter delivered the commencement address at the University of Notre Dame on May 22 there was a feeling, part belief and part hope, that the speech may be seen in time to have been the most significant presidential statement of American foreign policy since Harry Truman committed the United States in 1948 to resisting the spread of Soviet power in western Europe and what then was called the Mediterranean world—in today's parlance Greece, Turkey, Italy, North Africa and the Middle East.

The validity of this estimate of the speech turns upon

a few passages in it and upon the merits of the view of today's world that conditioned the address and has conditioned many of Jimmy Carter's foreign policy statements since he began running for the presidency in 1975. The view is the view of the President's assistant for national security affairs, Zbigniew Brzezinski, and an attempt to summarize it will follow a few quotations from the Notre Dame address. Condensed but not distorted, the key passages are:

"I believe we can have a foreign policy that is democratic, that is based on our fundamental values, and that uses power and influence for humane purposes. We can also have a foreign policy that the American people both support and understand . . . Being confident of our own future, we are now free of that inordinate fear of Communism which once led us to embrace any dictator who joined us in our fear . . . Our rise to world eminence dates from 1945. Before then, America was largely on the periphery of world affairs. Since then, we have inescapably been at the center. We helped to build the United Nations, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund and other international institutions. This international system has endured and worked well for a quarter of a century. Our policy during this period was guided by two principles: a belief that Soviet expansion must be contained, and the corresponding belief in the importance of an almost exclusive alliance among non-communist nations on both sides of the Atlantic. That system could not last forever unchanged. Historical trends have weakened its foundation. The unifying threat of conflict with the Soviet Union has become less intensive. . . .

"It is a familiar truth that the world today is in the midst of the most profound and rapid transformation in its entire history. . . . It is a new world, but America should not fear it. It is a new world, and we should help to shape it. It is a new world that calls for a new American foreign policy—a policy based on constant decency in its values and on optimism in its historical vision. We can no longer have a policy solely for the industrial nations as the foundation of global stability, but we must respond to the new reality of a politically awakening world. We can no longer expect that the other 150 nations will follow the dictates of the powerful, but we must continue—confidently—our efforts to inspire and to persuade and to lead. Our policy must reflect our belief that the world can hope for more than simple survival and our belief that dignity and freedom are man's fundamental spiritual requirements."

The Brzezinski touch and influence were most evident in the President's references to the post-1945 international system based essentially upon the Atlantic alliance and his conclusion that "we can no longer have a policy solely for the industrial nations as the foundation of global stability." In an article in the

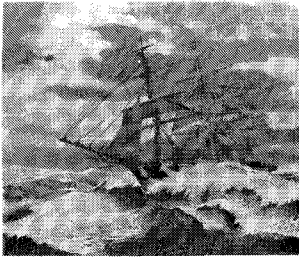
# How to tell original prints from cheap reproductions.

Buying original prints is an excellent way for the novice to make a modest investment in beautiful works of art.

The buyer had better beware, however.

As more and more attention is being given to art as an investment, more and more dealers are trying to pass off cheap reproductions as fine art.

At the Original Print Collectors Group, we sell only fine original works to a growing number of people who are enthusiastic about buying good art at moderate prices.



Mel Hunter's original lithograph "Stag Hound in Full Gale." Signed limited edition of 300.

One of our primary concerns is to educate our customers, so that they'll be able to discriminate and get true value for their money.

A few pointers, then about original prints:

Original prints, whatever the process used to create them, are "hand-pulled" under the artist's supervision, or by the artist himself. This means that any work produced photographically or by another purely mechanical process is not an *original* print.

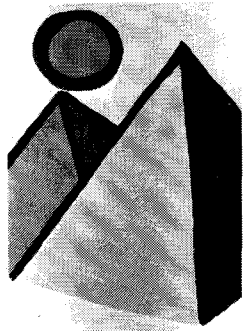
If you examine a print under a magnifying glass and discover a regular pattern of small dots, you will know immediately that it is not an original work.

If the print is a serigraph (produced by a silkscreen process), the ink will seem rather like paint and appear to be sitting upon (rather than absorbed into) the paper.

Etchings and engravings will produce a physical impression on the paper itself.

Contemporary original prints will always be signed in pencil by the artist himself, to indicate personal supervision and approval of the individual print.

Original prints are always produced in limited editions, at the most several hundred copies. If thousands of copies are available, then the work is almost certainly *not* original. (In most cases, to assure that the integrity of their work is not violated, artists will destroy the plate after the edition has been produced.)

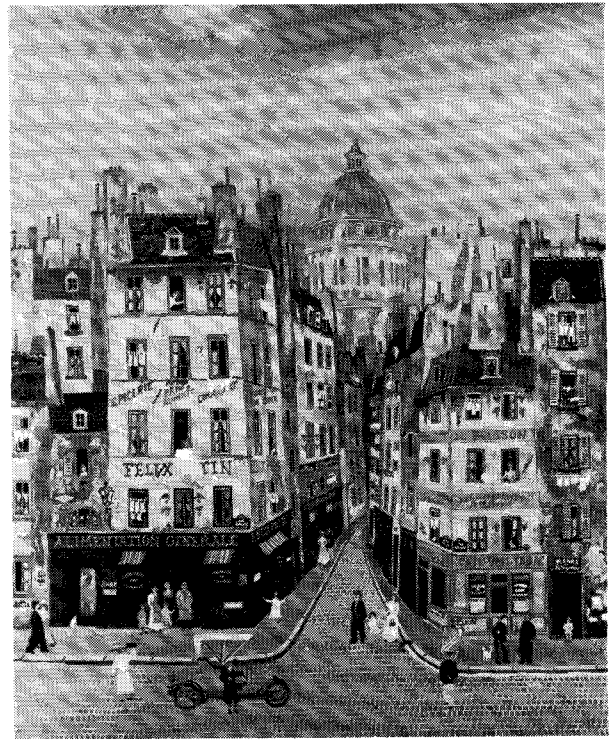


Alexander Calder's original lithograph (one of the last created) "Pyramid." Signed limited edition of 150.

The print will have a figure on its border, indicating the number of prints pulled and the number of the individual print in the sequence.

For example, the figure 50/100 means that the edition has been limited to 100, and that this is the 50th print pulled.

There's a lot more to be learned about buying original prints, more than we can tell you on this page.



Michel Delacroix's original lithograph "Panthéon." Signed limited edition of 250.

But if you'll send for our free color brochure, we'll be happy to tell you more, and show you the quality and variety of the prints we offer.

They include limited edition etchings, serigraphs and lithographs by both contemporary and traditional artists with international reputations. Some examples:

Calder, Chagall, Dali, Delacroix, Picasso and Renoir.



Jean-Pierre Cassignol's original lithograph "Le Voilier Blanc." Signed limited edition of 160.

If you decide to buy a print, we'll frame it handsomely and send it to you with a full money back guarantee. If you're not satisfied for any reason, you simply return your print and get a full refund. We'll also send you a brochure, every two months, featuring new selections of prints, along with an informative newsletter.

If you're interested in investing in art, invest a 13¢ stamp in your art education and send for our brochure today.

## Original print collectors group, Ltd.

120 East 56th Street, Dept. NR1, New York, N.Y. 10022

☐ Please send me your free color brochure, sample newsletter, and other information, with no obligation.

Name

Please print legibly.

Address

City

State

Zip

summer 1976 issue of *Foreign Policy*, originally intended to be a chapter in a book that he withheld from publication after he became Carter's national security adviser, Brzezinski argued for American adjustment to all the diversities in a world of "some 150-odd sovereign nation-states" and wrote of the need for a "new and more diversified international system." His account of the changes that have overtaken the post-1945 world and system was reflected and simplified in this passage in the Carter speech: "In less than a generation the daily lives and the aspirations of most human beings have been transformed. Colonialism has nearly gone: a new sense of national identity exists in almost 100 new countries; knowledge has become more widespread; aspirations are higher. As more people have been freed from traditional constraints, more have become determined to achieve social justice." Brzezinski's conviction, shared and reflected by Carter, is that clear and repeated identification of United States policy with the expanding aspirations will strengthen the policy and improve the country's ability to apply it.

That's all very well. It's great rhetoric. But in the speech and by many of his actions, Carter (with Brzezinski in the wings) acknowledges that he still must deal with a world that indeed is changing in the directions he indicates but hasn't yet changed all that much. He acknowledges, too, that he must deal with it chiefly through international instruments that are still the only ones at hand. Thus, 100 words or so after seeming to discard "a policy solely for the industrial nations" (which it never was, incidentally), he said at Notre Dame that "our policy should be based on close cooperation among the industrial democracies of the world—because we share the same values and because together we can help shape a more decent life for all." He devoted more and prouder words to the cooperative accomplishments of "the great democracies" at the recent London economic and NATO summit conferences than he did to any other theme. After declaring us all free of "inordinate fear of Communism," he spoke of a need to "persuade the Soviet Union that one country cannot impose its own social system upon another, either through direct military intervention or through the use of a client state's military force—as with the Cuban intervention in Angola." Two days after Carter spoke, Cuba was reported in news dispatches from Africa to be sending military advisers to Ethiopia, where the governing dictatorship has turned from the US to the Soviet Union for arms and other help.

**T**he story of how the Notre Dame speech evolved is in microcosm a story of how the Carter White House works. Theodore Hesburgh, president of Notre Dame, invited Carter to deliver the commencement address soon after the Carter inauguration. Because of Father Hesburgh's long preoccupation with civil and human rights—one of Richard Nixon's nastier actions was to replace him at the head of the US Civil Rights

Commission in 1973—the first intention was to deliver a major exposition of Carter's conception of human rights as a factor in foreign policy at Notre Dame. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance preempted that subject with a speech at the University of Georgia on April 30. Thought was given to making the Notre Dame address a report to the nation on the London summits until it was realized that too much time—12 days—would elapse between the President's return from London and the speech. So, just before Carter left for London, he told Brzezinski and James Fallows, the chief White House speech writer, to start work on a general foreign policy speech. Carter emphasized *general*—he'd delivered a foreign policy address at the United Nations on March 17, mostly dealing with that organization's world role and some specifics of US policy, and he wanted bigger themes on a bigger scale for the Notre Dame speech.

Putting both Brzezinski and Fallows to work on it made history of sorts. Fallows and his writing staff were to all effects frozen out of preparation of the UN speech, which was in essence a Brzezinski-Carter creation. Various accounts of the Notre Dame prelude suggest that it wasn't quite "the truly collaborative effort" that it was officially said to be. But there was more collaboration than there'd been before. Brzezinski and Secretary of State Vance discussed the speech before they flew to London with Carter. Brzezinski and Fallows discussed it during the flight to London. Fallows spent most of his time in London working on a first draft. Three of his assistants—Griffin Smith, Rick Hertzberg and Jerry Doolittle—fed him material from Washington. Carter and Brzezinski being otherwise occupied in London, the strenuous work began after the return and was largely jammed into the three days or so before the speech was delivered.

Brzezinski at one point prepared an outline of his own, Carter commented copiously upon it, and Brzezinski wrote a draft from his outline and Carter's additions and changes. Fallows also was producing successive drafts. Whose draft was *the* draft at any given point depended on who was talking. That matters less than a couple of procedural points that emerged from the accounts. Vance being in Geneva, trying to pull the SALT negotiations back together after an earlier screwup in Moscow, Brzezinski discussed a late draft of the speech with Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher and later told a Cabinet meeting that Christopher made a useful contribution. Nobody else at the State Department was consulted by anybody at the White House, Brzezinski's theory being that it's up to Vance and Christopher to arrange or not arrange consultation on such matters at the department. Brzezinski showed late drafts to eight or nine members of his NSC staff and to one person, Stuart Eizenstat, on the White House senior staff. Press Secretary and general adviser Jody Powell read two late drafts, but did practically nothing to or with them. Unbeknownst to

Fallows, a late draft was also read by Hamilton Jordan, the nearest equivalent to a chief of staff there is at the Carter White House. Jordan says he also did virtually nothing to or with the draft. Carter did a lot to the final drafts, working on the very last one on his airplane, flying to South Bend.

John Osborne

Nixon relives his foreign policy triumphs.

## Unhappy Warrior

Poor, pitiable Richard Nixon! America's perpetually unhappy warrior, he is a man whose psyche will never allow him to sign a peace treaty with the world. His mind has set him in lifelong combat with enemies who have him embattled and besieged, who respect no Geneva Convention, whose guileful, ruthless tactics give him no choice but to retaliate in kind. The press, the Fifth Column, the Kennedys, the Democrats—whichever they are—they have been after him from the beginning, they undermined him, ran him out of office, and they will not let him rest, even in San Clemente.

"I don't say this with any bitterness . . . I don't say this with any sadness," he said in his Last Press Conference nearly 15 years ago, but "for 16 years, ever since the Hiss case you've had a lot of fun . . . you've had an opportunity to attack me . . . Just think how much you're going to be missing." Nothing has changed for Nixon in 29 years, from the Hiss case to David Frost. He wasn't really guilty of anything, technically, in Watergate; he was just too nice a guy, and he made mistakes; he handed a knife to his enemies, and *they* turned it. He still is not sure that the CIA, in fact, did not have something to do with getting him out of office, he told Frost. The Democrats dropped a war in his lap, then turned against him on it, and left him to battle both the Vietnamese and enemies on the home front. He could have done the popular thing, and bugged out, but he stayed to fight. Did he try to polarize America? "You can make that charge, and I don't say that in any personal sense," he told Frost. "You can make it, and you should, because a lot of your constituency in the media do think that. But they're wrong."

Once it seemed that Nixon's presidency was imperial, the product of a large mind, if a dangerous one. In January 1973, the late Stewart Alsop called Nixon "*un homme sérieux* . . . a man who has to be taken seriously . . . a hard man, a tough man . . . a man not to be pushed around." This was on the heels of the 1972 election landslide and the Christmas bombing, at a time when many feared—and others hoped—that Nixon would use his second term to destroy his enemies

utterly. It seemed he would gobble up the Constitution to work his will. Nixon seemed a figure straight out of Machiavelli's *Prince*, a Ferdinand or a Borgia—cruel, yes, but a winner; a contriver of great things; cunning, artful and strong.

Now we know better, and the Frost interviews have helped in the education process. Nixon was the emperor without any clothes, a pitiful princeling who needed trappings of power to shield a shriveled ego, who borrowed instruments of dictatorship to compensate for political impotence. Nixon felt that he could not get people to do his bidding by persuasion—certainly not by love—and so he sought to become their commander-in-chief. America was divided by the Indochina war, all right, but Nixon, always in crisis inside his head, thought it was worse than it was. He lied to Congress, asserted absolute privileges of secrecy, bugged and tapped his friends and adversaries, jailed dissidents and tried to muzzle the press.

"This nation was torn apart in an ideological way . . . as much as the Civil War tore apart the nation when Lincoln was President," he told Frost, and so he had to resort to "extraordinary powers," but even at that he couldn't be straightforward about it, couldn't go to Congress, had to sneak. He thought of his own power, even as President, as ordinary and insufficient. He was afraid his country might be thought a "pitiful helpless giant" because he thought of himself as a pitiful helpless pygmy.

But Nixon and his supporters think that history will vindicate him, if psychohistorians do not. He may have been paranoid, he admitted to Frost, but "paranoia for peace isn't that bad." He said, "I've done some stupid things . . . particularly in the handling of what was a pipsqueak Watergate thing." But he added, "I did the big things rather well."

By the big things, he presumably means ending the Vietnam war, opening contacts with China and establishing detente with the Soviet Union. "I had a responsibility above everything else," he told Frost, "to bring that war to the earliest possible conclusion, and I did it. And we got it finished on what I would say again was an honorable basis, and a peace that lasted for at least two, over two years." In fact, Nixon's Vietnam policy was a total disaster. It took Nixon four years, 10,000 American casualties and uncounted thousands of Vietnamese deaths to accomplish what he might have achieved in six or eight months in 1969. It would have taken, of course, recognizing a communist victory as inevitable and being prepared to do the *really* unpopular thing—sell the United States on withdrawal. Nixon lacked either the judgment or the courage to do it, or both.

There is no denying that it is a wise policy for the United States to have decent relations with both the Soviet Union and China, if only to allow us to play them off against each other. Conceivably, shrewd diplomacy can sustain a generation of peace, perhaps even

permanent detente; so credit goes to him who starts the process. At the same time, credit certainly must be taken away from him who retards the process. And for a generation of cold war, that was precisely the role of Richard Nixon.

It was obvious to shrewd observers in the late 1950s—Harrison Salisbury of the *New York Times* was one—that China and the Soviet Union were splitting apart. In July 1960, the Soviets withdrew their advisers from China within a month, wreaking havoc in the Chinese economy. Yet in 1962, Nixon wrote that “the communist threat is indivisible . . . the communist threat is universal . . . the communist threat is total,” and he said it was directed from Moscow. Any number of writers have attested to John F. Kennedy’s private desire to change what he thought was a stupid policy of hostility toward mainland China. Fearing right-wing opposition, however, Kennedy postponed the matter for second-term attention.

Richard Nixon was scarcely America’s only right-wing China lobbyist, and if Nixon can be faulted for lacking courage in 1969, so can Kennedy in 1961. But the fact remains that Nixon was an important opponent of “softness” toward China or the Soviet Union from the days of “Who Lost China” and Joe McCarthy and the “Dean Acheson College of Cowardly Communist Containment” almost up to the time he decided that the world had moved from “an era of confrontation to an era of negotiation.” The second era might have arrived a lot earlier if it had not been for Nixon.

## Morton Kondracke

We should take our foreign commitments seriously, or drop them.

---

# Drawing The Line

---

The Constitution authorizes the federal government to provide for the common defense. But the Constitution doesn’t define the interests that are to be defended or the dangers that are to be defended against. These change; so it’s left to us continuously to redefine them for ourselves. Only a proper definition of our vital national interests and perils can give direction to our foreign policy and relevance to our armed forces. In turn these decisions affect budget and tax decisions, which in turn affect the whole range of other decisions that the government must make.

A certain inconsistency has been imputed to the Carter administration’s pronouncements about foreign policy. Statements are made at one level of the government and withdrawn at another. But this was to be expected. Those whom President Carter has

appointed in the foreign policy field are not all of a piece in their thinking. It once was my job to listen to the views of many of them, and it quickly became evident that there were areas of fundamental disagreement, at least at that time. In 1972 I was foreign policy coordinator for one of the presidential candidates during the Democratic primaries. My job was to go around the country talking to foreign policy and military policy experts and then to summarize their views for my candidate. Many of those with whom I talked have been appointed to office in the Carter administration.

The basic questions that I asked them were: Where do we draw the line? What should we undertake to defend? Why? How? And what consequences then flow from these decisions? The answers that I received were often different and sometimes contradictory. This isn’t surprising. These simple questions raise complex issues about which reasonable and thoughtful people still continue to differ. Yet if President Carter and his colleagues are to carry out a coherent strategy, they will have to reach agreement on the answers.

Many of America’s friends abroad become uneasy when such questions are raised anew at the outset of a new administration. They say, quite rightly, that the United States can’t pursue an effective foreign policy if that policy is changed in fundamental ways every four or eight years. But the purpose of reexamining the policy isn’t necessarily to change it. The purpose is to arrive at a fuller understanding of our existing policy, and of its consequences. Our typical failing as a country during the 20th century has been the misunderstanding of consequences, not the frequent changing of policies. In fact United States policy in recent times has shown remarkable bipartisan continuity in overall view and approach. That has been true ever since the Second World War. This broad consensus is all the more extraordinary in that the basic policy that we’ve been pursuing is unusual, difficult to explain and costly.

Throughout history, most nations have contented themselves with defending their own frontiers and commerce, or else with attacking the frontiers and commerce of their neighbors. Within such a framework, it would be easy to formulate an American world strategy that would be simple, economical, and readily understandable. We don’t want to attack anybody. Nobody threatens our commerce or our land frontiers. The only thing we would have to defend against are attacks from the seas or the skies; so the only armed forces that we would have to maintain would be naval, air and missile units. We wouldn’t need an army. We wouldn’t need garrisons overseas. We would be spared the large expenses and high taxes that result from an attempt to exert global military power.

But we have not been free to adopt this strategy. We have created responsibilities for ourselves that preclude it, by extending our protection to other countries that are far away and situated differently from

ourselves. They *do* face threats to their land frontiers. So even though we need no land army to defend ourselves, we must maintain one in order to defend, for example, West Germany.

The area of our commitment is extensive. If you take a globe or a map, and draw a line connecting the borders of our security interests in north, central and southern Europe, the Middle East, and the periphery of Asia, you see that we propose to defend a frontier that embraces most of the planet. It is no light thing to undertake a military commitment so vast.

The danger that inspired us in the first instance to create our worldwide network of defense treaties and military base agreements is the perceived possibility that the Soviet Union might one day attack us or one or more of our allies. We have committed ourselves to help our allies repel any such attack. To fulfill that commitment requires us to extend our reach far from the center of our power. Should the Soviet Union ever attack our European allies, for example, our army would be engaged in battle a whole ocean and half a continent away from us, fighting the Russians on their home continent. The logistics of such an effort would be challenging.

Do we understand the magnitude of this commitment? Are we preparing ourselves to do what we could be called upon to do? If not, then we're running a bluff rather than a foreign policy. More than three decades ago, Walter Lippmann argued in *US Foreign Policy: Shield of the Republic* that a genuine policy has been formed only when commitments and power have been brought into balance. Lippmann defined a foreign commitment as an obligation abroad that, in the last analysis, may have to be met by waging war. Our American failing in the 20th century, he argued, was that we had entered into such commitments without mobilizing the forces to make good on them if we were called on to do so. The result was that our foreign policy was insolvent; it was our profligate habit to write checks on empty bank accounts.

It looks as though that's what we are doing again now. We've committed ourselves to defend our European allies against a Russian invasion, but we don't maintain a land army that seems large enough to do it. In combat troops, tanks, and other elements of conventional warfare the Soviet Union greatly outnumbered us, in some areas by as much as two or three to one. Numbers, it's true, aren't always decisive. It is often said that we make up for our numerical inferiority by the superior sophistication of our weapons. But this is at least open to question; the 1973 Arab-Israeli war showed that the Russians, too, produce weaponry (used by the Arabs in that war) that is highly sophisticated. The American strategic defense doctrine, we are usually told in reply, doesn't need to rely on conventional forces, for it employs the nuclear deterrent. This doctrine is that any war between the Soviet Union and ourselves inevitably would lead to a

nuclear holocaust that would destroy the world; and that the Soviet Union, knowing this, therefore will not attack.

But this seems to contradict our strategic nuclear doctrine, which we claim will prevent a strategic nuclear war from ever occurring. Among other perils, our strategic nuclear doctrine deals with the possibility that the Russians, fearing a nuclear attack from us, might launch a preemptive nuclear attack on us first. To keep them from having such fears, we have agreed to leave ourselves vulnerable. We have pledged not to undertake various programs of defense against nuclear attack. We have deliberately put ourselves in a position where it's apparent that we know we'd be destroyed in a nuclear war, no matter who initiated it. This is meant to show the Russians that we'll never be the first to use strategic nuclear weapons against them because we'd have to be crazy to do it: it would be suicidal. Our government has given us all as hostages to nuclear destruction in order to convince the Russians that we'll never be the first to attack them with these weapons.

Yet our government's plan for preventing a Russian conventional attack is to persuade them precisely that we *may* react by attacking them with strategic nuclear weapons. It's like the film *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, with one group of us laboring to build that which the other group is laboring to destroy. One of our strategies only can succeed if we convince the Russians that we might possibly launch our nuclear weapons before they launch theirs; while our other strategy only can succeed if we convince the Russians, on the contrary, that we never would.

Some say that the contradiction in our doctrines itself operates in our favor. It's argued that the Russians can't be sure of *what* we're going to do, and that this will keep them from taking risks. Perhaps so. But Russian military writing doesn't seem to support such an interpretation. In recent years analysts of Soviet military doctrine, such as Professor John Erickson, have told us that the Russian plan, in the event of war, is to launch a lightning blitzkrieg that would get them to the English Channel in 48 hours. It would present us with a *fait accompli*. In response we could threaten to use our strategic nuclear weapons and blow up the world, ourselves included, in protest. The Russians may not regard this as a plausible threat.

**O**n the surface, at least, it would seem that we ought to develop a more coherent defense doctrine if we're going to maintain our present far-flung security commitments. But *should* we maintain them? It seems to me that we have three alternatives.

The first is to stay with our current commitments, and meet the cost of doing so by having our most powerful allies assume a greater share of the burden. That's the traditional way of doing things. It's what Walter Lippmann recommended in *US Foreign Policy*. The problem is that our most powerful allies are Germany

and Japan. The central dilemma of American world policy since the Second World War is that we are unwilling to run the risk of full remilitarization of these countries. Germany and Japan are, of course, independent and proud nations, and their future is for them, and not for us, to determine. We understand that. What we have done is to assume a disproportionately large share of the common defense burden in order to give them the option of not remilitarizing if they don't want to. One alternative is for us to change this policy.

A second alternative would be to withdraw from today's security frontiers and redraw the line closer to home. We could do so if we believe the Russians don't intend to intimidate or invade our allies once we withdraw, or alternatively if we believe that it isn't in our vital national interest to prevent the Russians from doing so. Is this a real alternative? If our withdrawal caused Germany and Japan to remilitarize, the second alternative would be the same as the first.

The third and final alternative is to keep our present commitments—but to allocate the resources to make good on them should the necessity ever arise. It is the alternative that I myself would choose.

At civilian wage scales, we can't afford to pay for a mass army, so it would mean reintroduction of the draft. This may not be a bad thing. Budgetary considerations are not the only reason for thinking so. I agree with *TNR* that national service is desirable on other grounds as well. Nor need the forces that are raised be used for purposes that are entirely negative. For example one proposal, suggested during the 1972 presidential campaign, is to ask the Russian Mediterranean fleet and ours—since they're there anyway—to undertake a cooperative program to clean up the sea.

Still, there should be no fooling ourselves about it: matching the Russian military force levels will be burdensome. Perhaps one day we'll be able to persuade the Soviet Union to negotiate a reduction of conventional forces. This would be the best and sanest solution. Instead of wasting resources on a terrible arms race, we could employ them in useful pursuits. We could cooperate to fight poverty, disease and pollution rather than compete by preparing to fight fellow human beings. To reach such an agreement with the Russians would be a great achievement. But we're not there yet, and it isn't certain that we ever will be. Until and unless we get to that point, we have to continue to take our precautions and to make no promises to protect other nations unless we're going to stand behind those promises. This means that we should either be prepared to pay the price of achieving military equality with the Russians, or else we should reconsider our commitment to defend more than half the world against them.

**David Fromkin**

*David Fromkin is a New York lawyer.*

Where the old left meets the new right.

## **Motherhood, Apple Pie And Human Rights**

Human rights as a policy is the first innovation in foreign affairs since "massive retaliation," and a good deal more popular. The good grey liberals on the *New York Times* love it; so do the Friedmanites on the *Wall Street Journal*. Senator Henry Jackson thinks it's made in heaven, and the hitherto-ignored members of Amnesty International hope that at last it may be coming down to earth. The hawkish neo-conservatives at *Commentary* and the dovish leftists at the *New York Review* have found one issue on which they can agree on—almost. Who could bad mouth human rights? It is beyond partisanship and beyond attack. As a political issue, it's the international equivalent of the environment.

And like protection of the environment it is one of those things that everyone praises in the abstract, and then proceeds to interpret according to personal prejudices and interests. We tell the Russians to stop imprisoning their dissidents; they tell us that spying, wiretapping and harassment of political malcontents is no communist monopoly. We urge Fidel Castro and Idi Amin to let people speak their minds. They lecture us on Vietnam and complain of "intolerable interference" in their domestic affairs. Even here at home a sure-fire slogan has triggered an argument over where and how it should be applied to real life.

The human rights theme has struck home among the American people. It assuages our yearning for a foreign policy that can somehow be defined as "moral," soothes the missionary strain in our national character, satisfies our desire to stand for something more than cynical Realpolitik and narrow self-interest. As Woodrow Wilson—whose moralism is once again coming back into fashion—used to say: "America . . . is the only idealistic nation in the world." He may have been right. Certainly it is one of the few that believes morality has anything to do with foreign policy.

Cynics might suspect that human rights is just another maneuver to grease the skids for a new round of interventionism in the name of freedom. Or at least to mount a high horse after groveling in the moral muck so long in Vietnam. But the former is unlikely, at least for the moment, and the latter is a little too simple. Human rights is an issue because we have a President who wants to push it, and a citizenry eager to believe that government and Watergate, foreign policy and search-and-destroy missions need not necessarily be synonymous. It also results from a political shift that has brought traditional leftists and rightists into mutually expedient cooperation.

What a pity no one thought of it sooner. The Vietnamese tiger cages, like the Latin American torture chambers, the Soviet political prisons and the African

executions are hardly novelties. Would not human rights have been a perfect gimmick for Henry Kissinger? He could have added an oak leaf cluster to the Nobel prize he got for devastating Cambodia and prolonging the Vietnam war an extra four years. But there were reasons. Aside from the fact that neither Kissinger or Nixon could have uttered the word "morality" with a straight face, the time was not ripe. The post-cold war consensus had not yet formed.

The radical left, traumatized by Vietnam, could see nothing but evil emanating from Washington. The old-line conservatives were automatically saluting whatever outrage the government thought it could get away with in the name of "national security." The administration, carrying on a secret war in Cambodia, pursuing a discredited one in Vietnam, and "destabilizing" leftist governments in Latin America, was hardly in a position to lecture the Russians on international morality.

Now that the war is over—indeed it seems to have disappeared from the national memory—there is a new political equation. The so-called New Left, its ranks decimated by dropouts to Vermont and wholesale defections to the straight world—Jerry Rubin writing his confessions, Tom Hayden running for the Senate, Eldridge Cleaver mounting the pulpit to proclaim the ineluctable unity of Jesus Christ and the Star-Spangled Banner—now looks on America with a misty eye and Russia with a jaundiced one. Some old soldiers of the radical left are beginning to suspect that the conservatives may not have been so wrong after all in equating communism with oppression.

To bring the irony into perfect symmetry, it is now the old right-wingers who are trundling off to Moscow with wads of dollars in their sweaty palms to drink toasts to Soviet-American friendship and work out lucrative trade deals. Inevitably they return with soothing reassurances that Brezhnev and his crew are really quite considerable fellows—hard-headed, pragmatic and all that. Proselytizers for closer ties with the Soviet Union are to be found not in storefront law offices and food co-ops, but in the boardrooms of the Chase Manhattan Bank, Pepsi-Cola and NBC. The disillusioned radicals of the Left have discovered that the communist regimes are as dictatorial and nasty as the conservatives have been saying all along. The old conservatives likewise have learned that the commissars are just company bureaucrats like themselves.

The real anti-communists are not to be found among the monopoly capitalists—David Rockefeller is as welcome in Moscow and Peking as in Riyadh and São Paulo—but among the new-conservative intellectuals who started out as cold war liberals back in the grim '50s. Stung by the Arab oil embargo and prodded into militancy by Soviet hostility toward Israel, these cold war liberals have resurrected the old-time religion, and even some of the slogans of John Foster Dulles. They warn, in the words of the Committee on the Present Danger, that Russia is on the march, threatening to

"destroy the world balance of forces on which the survival of freedom depends."

What distinguishes the New Right from the Old Right is not merely that it is anti-Soviet. Who would defend forced labor camps, insane asylums for dissidents, whip-cracking in the satellites? Rather it is that they are hostile to the very idea that the Soviets should aspire to military equality with the United States, and see the oft-promised but forever fleeting American Century fading before their eyes. Unsympathetic to the efforts of underdeveloped countries to change their bargaining terms with the West, eager to flex American muscles against "lesser breeds outside the law" in places like the Persian Gulf, intervention-happy and obsessed with the weighty "agonies of power," the New Right needs a cause that will stimulate salivation outside such house organs as *Commentary* and *The Public Interest*. Human rights seems tailor-made. An all-purpose bludgeon, it is equally useful against the Soviets as against the comic-book dictatorships of the third world.

The only problem is that the consensus is already beginning to break down. Liberals complain that while the administration piously lectures the Russians, and raps the knuckles of the Brazilians and the Argentines, it pointedly exempts such blatant offenders as South Korea, Iran and the Philippines. Human rights is all very well it seems, but our cold war allies, after all, have feelings. Even the feeble attempt to include a few right-wing dictatorships proved to be too much for the *Wall Street Journal*, a schizophrenic paper whose news pages tell businessmen how to cash in on communist markets while its editorial page serves as a wailing wall for the New Right. The President, the *Journal* whined, should not bother such "free world" allies as Brazil and Argentina, since they are "in no way troublesome towards the US." And anyway, leftist dissidents deserve to be tortured. So much for the new morality in foreign policy.

President Carter proclaims that he will maintain an "undeviating commitment" to human rights everywhere "until the last day I'm in office." No doubt he will. But what kind of commitment is it that exempts most of the major offenders in our own camp? Answer: a gimmick. A doctrine conceived to please everybody and offend nobody is likely to end up not meaning much of anything to anybody. The Russians know that the President's proclaimed sympathy for their dissidents is not going to get in the way of mutually beneficial wheat deals and arms agreements. The torturers in Manila, Seoul and Teheran already have been told they will not be publicly embarrassed. The moving finger points, and having pointed, moves on.

**Ronald Steel**

Ronald Steel is writing a biography of Walter Lippmann.

An opportunity is drifting away.

## Soviet Trade

Soviet-American trade is the only aspect of the relation between these superpowers where the interests of the two nations are not those of adversaries, but rather of potential partners. It is fashionable in some circles to deny that trade can affect the overall relationship, which also encompasses military, political and ideological elements (human rights being the most notable of the latter these days). Soviet-American trade obviously will not in itself prevent a nuclear holocaust. But it could well help stabilize relations, improve communications, reduce suspicions, and establish common interests. So, it is sad to see the opportunity of trade drift away.

And it is drifting away. The reading of trade figures can be distorted by large recent Soviet grain purchases, the result of two bad harvests in a Five Year Plan. In truth, trade actually is stagnating. Many of the transactions officially attributed to 1975 and 1976 are the result of deals negotiated three or four years ago, and the number of new transactions is thought to be in decline.

US exports to the Soviet Union in the first two months of 1977 are down 27 percent from the same period in 1976. "There are not that many people trying to open up new things," an international banker says. "They want to wait on the signals, and they won't move until there is another signal." The business community is puzzled. A few firms were eagerly pushing at the barriers before detente, but most waited until trade was legitimated by the first Nixon administration, and then, following what they assumed were Washington's cues, moved into the market. They have since learned that striking a deal with the Russians can be a long, painfully drawn out affair, full of frustrations and bureaucratic dead-ends. They may be kept waiting for days in a Moscow hotel room while Soviet foreign trade officials use their presence to browbeat a rival into a lower price. Even more frustrations may develop after the contract is signed and the Americans become involved in the construction of a factory. On the other hand businessmen find doing business with the Russians to be a glamorous affair, much closer to the drama of high politics than their normal undertakings. It is much more exciting to close a deal in Moscow than in Brussels. And ulcers aside, it is possible to do very well in Soviet-American trade. Not always, of course. Many expect NBC to lose handsomely on its deal to televise the 1980 Moscow Olympics. And it should lose. It was ridiculous for the network to be bamboozled into paying \$85 million for the telecast rights. But generally, a well placed banker says, "American firms make above-average profits in doing business with the Russians."

The businessmen thought they were going into

Soviet trade with the blessings of the US government. It turned out to be only with the blessing of Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger. In 1973 and 1974, Congress limited the trading relationship in various ways. The Jackson-Vanik amendment tied most-favored-nation status to increased Jewish emigration. The Stevenson amendment to the Export-Import Bank authorization sharply curtailed government-supported trade credits. In 1975, the Soviets renounced the 1972 trade agreement, and trade has been deteriorating ever since. Now, in 1977, the business community is fatigued. It finds seeking new business in the Middle East easier than in trying to cope with all the difficulties and uncertainties of trade with the Soviet Union.

There were hopes that the Carter administration would renew interest in Soviet trade. The new head of the government's East-West foreign trade board is Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal, generally regarded as an advocate of trade. Blumenthal's deputy on the board is Anthony Solomon, a banker also regarded as a trade advocate. One of Blumenthal's pet projects as chairman of Bendix involved an innovative deal with the Russians. Bendix was supposed to build a spark plug factory in the USSR. The firm would take part of the output as payment, and sell these spark plugs worldwide under its own name. In an unheard-of departure for the Russians, Bendix would also station its own quality control people in the Soviet plant. The deal apparently was very close to completion when Blumenthal left Bendix for the Treasury. The new Bendix chairman, however, does not share Blumenthal's enthusiasm, and the deal is said to be stalled.

Despite Blumenthal's apparent enthusiasm, the new administration has given Soviet trade very little attention. The early problems with SALT and human rights have reduced the administration's flexibility, and its interest. This is short-sighted. The administration would do better to look for ways to take into account the concerns expressed by the Jackson and Stevenson amendments in the course of promoting trade. The task will not be easy. "What with human rights and the 1978 Congressional election, it could be 1979 before the administration can do anything," said a disheartened career official who has been involved with the issue since 1972. In 1979, people may be waiting until after the 1980 election—and they have just finished waiting until after the 1976 election. By 1980, business enthusiasm will have long since run out. "It would take six years for the business community to gear up again," this official says.

There is no scarcity of obstacles to a renewal of the Soviet trading link. The Jackson-Vanik amendment denies most-favored-nation status and Export-Import Bank credits to the Soviet Union unless the paltry level of Jewish emigration—13,000 in 1976—is expanded. The Stevenson Amendment basically places a \$300 million limit on trade credits to the Soviets over a four year period. Jackson-Vanik received much more press,

but the Stevenson amendment was at least as important in the Soviet decision to renounce the trade agreement. In the autumn of 1974, some Jews in Moscow who had applied for emigration actually were allowed to keep their jobs—a sign that the Russians might well have been planning to go along with Jackson-Vanik in order to get the trade and the credits.

No one doubts that the Congress would like to moderate these restrictions. But Capitol Hill and Moscow both are waiting for a signal from the other. Many underestimate congressional interest in unblocking trade. "If you believe in Jackson-Vanik, you have to believe in trade," one of the most active proponents of that amendment said to me recently. "Without trade, we can't achieve our purpose. There's not much flexibility right now, but everything changes if the Soviets give signs of easing up. All obstacles can then be overcome. But they've got to move first. They've got to do more than just allow the numbers to rise. We need some indication that there is a real change, an end to harassments, and they expect a reaction from us."

Unhappily, the Russians seem to be giving an opposite signal. There are signs of what seems to be an intensified semi-official anti-Semitic campaign, expressed in arrests, vitriolic television broadcasts, harassment in schools of Jewish children, and even wholesale firings from the symphony orchestra of Moscow radio and television. Such developments only encourage more Soviet Jews to want to emigrate. Other barriers stand in the way. The Carter human rights campaign all too easily can be used by the administration's critics as a weapon to prevent the administration from moving forward. "The President has boxed himself in," said an official. "If he tries to stimulate trade, he can immediately be accused of backtracking from his own human rights stand." When Ex-Im bank officials went up to Capitol Hill recently to seek a minor three-month extension on the bank's authorization to bring it into line with the federal government's new fiscal year, they found congressmen eager to write "human rights" into every aspect of the bank's operation. Questions concerning technology transfer may well gain attention again. Certainly the revival of Soviet-American competition in Africa will hobble any administration efforts, as will the current controversy over the exaggerated so-called Soviet military "buildup."

A long-term limit on the growth of trade may arise from doubts about the Soviets' ability to pay their debts. In the last few years, the Soviet Union has run up a considerable debt with the hard-currency countries of the West—\$16 billion at the end of 1976. The overall Eastern European debt may be as high as \$45 billion. Certainly bad harvests and the need to import grain pushed up the Soviet debt. But will the Soviets be able to increase or even maintain their current level of non-grain imports? The Russians not surprisingly become

intensely annoyed when this question is asked. On the other hand, they seem to be exerting considerable restraint in an effort to control their appetite for foreign goods. Were it not for OPEC's jacking up of energy prices, they would be in much worse shape, since about half of their exports to the West are oil, coal and natural gas. The CIA's reduced estimates of Soviet petroleum reserves raises questions about the capacity of the USSR to sell enough oil to the West to support increased or even stable levels of trade with the United States and the rest of the western world. US oil production experts come to wildly different conclusions about whether the CIA is right. In order to allay western concerns, the Soviets will have to provide more economic data, as other countries conventionally do. It is up to the Carter administration to try to increase Soviet trade. The effort must be two-pronged, working not only with the Russians but also with the Congress. A relaxation of the Stevenson amendment would be a good place to begin, a signal of positive interest from Washington. At the same time, the Soviets must signal their willingness to be cooperative. The first real opportunity arises next week when US and Soviet trade officials meet in Washington.

What effect will expanding trade have on Soviet-American relations generally? We lack that experience of several years of expanding trade that is required to come to a realistic conclusion. The worst that could happen is that it would have no effect. On the other hand, there is a good chance that it would have a definite positive impact. The stakes are such that we really ought to carry out this experiment.

**Daniel Yergin**

*Daniel Yergin is author of *Shattered Peace*, a book about the cold war published this month by Houghton Mifflin.*

How to succeed in business  
and public policy by really trying.

---

## Anti-Boycott Legislation

The fashionable term these days for reasonableness in domestic and world affairs is "trade-off." You give up something you thought you wanted for something you want even more. President Carter's pollster Pat Caddell, who up to now has not been thought of as a Hegelian philosopher, put it succinctly in his celebrated memo: "Neither the thesis nor the antithesis really works. We need a synthesis of ideas." I'm reminded of all this because of the remarkable route, jolting bumps

and all, traveled recently to arrive at sensible legislation aimed at the Arab boycott. The effort began with a classic triangle of confrontation, involving the US government (both the White House and the Congress) big business and the American Jewish community.

**T**he Arab boycott of Israel and the worldwide trading blacklist that followed began with Israeli independence in 1948. To oversimplify a little, there was a primary boycott, fair enough, by which the Arab states did no business with Israel. There was a secondary boycott, by which the Arabs would do no business with any company that did business with Israel. Finally, and most insidiously, there was a tertiary boycott by which the Arabs did no business with any "Zionists" (read Jews).

For more than 20 years the boycott was enforced haphazardly against some companies that did business with Israel, had Jewish ownership or had some other Jewish connection, but not against other companies similarly "qualified." The difference seemed to be how hungry the Arab world was for the company's products. For example my company, Seagram distillers, was blacklisted; but since Muslims are not supposed to drink hard liquor this hardly hurt either them or us.

In 1974, all that changed. With the quadrupling of Arab oil prices, some Arab countries got haughty and really began strictly to impose their secondary and even tertiary anti-Jewish policy on thousands of companies and individuals. The power of Arab wealth was tempting American businesses to engage in what amounted to anti-Semitic practices—discrimination against Jews in hiring, certificates of origin for all products assuring that no "Zionists" any place were involved with the exported product. Enormous sums of money in potential profit and losses became involved.

The response by the American Jewish community and others supporting them on moral grounds was predictable. Full-page ads appeared denouncing by name American companies that went along with the boycott. Law suits were started. Protests were carried into corporate annual meetings. The Ford administration's response, mostly through the Commerce Department, was fuzzy and confusing. An anti-boycott bill failed to get through Congress. US businessmen, even those with no desire to indulge the Arabs, faced the danger of a trade curtailment with the Middle East so sharp not only their own profits but a sizeable chunk of US balance of payments seemed to be at stake.

Candidate Jimmy Carter declared his position during one of the TV debates with President Ford. "It is a disgrace," he said. "I'll do everything I can as President to stop the boycott of American business by Arab countries. It's not a matter of diplomacy or trade with me. It's a matter of morality." Carter's straightforward view was repeated by Secretary of Commerce-designate Juanita Kreps and Treasury Secretary-designate Michael Blumenthal during their confirmation hearings.

But how could the conflicting interests be reconciled? The untying of the tangled knot of disagreement was started by Irving Shapiro, the capacious chairman of the board of du Pont, who heads the Business Roundtable of 170 corporate chief executive officers. Shapiro is, by common consent, the unofficial "chairman of the board of American business." At a dinner of the Anti-Defamation League of the B'nai B'rith last November, Shapiro told an executive of the ADL, "You're going about this wrong. Can't we substitute consultation for confrontation?"

The week after Carter's inauguration as President, a group of more than 20 representatives, evenly apportioned, from American business and the ADL met in New York to see what could be done. The agenda was carefully structured to avoid virtuoso performances or demagoguery by anyone on either side. Both groups looked upon it as an opportunity to work something out. There emerged a working group of six lawyers: one each from General Electric, Citicorp and du Pont for the Business Roundtable and three representing the ADL.

The lawyers set about their work as professional negotiators. Procedural concessions were made on all sides. The ADL team agreed to work from a Roundtable draft of principles, rather than submitting an original draft of its own that could have created an immediate impasse. There was agreement in general but details were prickly. The thorniest issues involved "unilateral selection"—that is, the right of an Arab country to dictate what contractor or subcontractor foreign suppliers could use; and local Arab laws preventing American residents in Arab countries from complying with import restrictions. President Carter added momentum to the undertaking by announcing that the two groups were meeting and that he would accept their conclusion. The negotiators proceeded with uncommon skill, announced a joint set of anti-boycott principles. Congratulations came pouring in from all sides.

But nothing so big could be so simple. Very quickly the apparent harmony degenerated into discord and misunderstanding. It began when Jewish leaders and Business Roundtable representatives, some who had not participated in the meetings, testified before congressional committees and gave different interpretations of the agreement. Columnists Evans and Novak inflamed the differences with some hip-shot columns, signaling more trouble than there really was. (One column carried the headline, "A 'Lobby' Effort That Boomeranged.") Reports in the press recounted differences in interpretation, real and overblown. Thus stirred up, both groups made their own forays to the White House and the Hill. Presidential adviser Stuart Eizenstat got it from all sides. For two weeks neither side spoke to the other, each sullenly pursuing its own point of view, especially on the touchiest issues of unilateral selection and local laws.

Burton Joseph, chairman of the National Commission of the ADL and an old Minnesota friend of Shapiro, realizing the impasse was more apparent than real, remained busy but tactfully silent, looking for an opening to recreate harmony. Representatives of the American Jewish Committee and American Jewish Congress, who had been consulted from the beginning, joined the negotiating team. From the Roundtable side, Shapiro saw the whole initiative going down the drain, putting the Carter administration on the spot, and polarizing again the business and the Jewish communities. When Shapiro read in the *Wall Street Journal* an angry two-page ad placed by Dresser Industries, an oil equipment company, damning the proposed anti-boycott legislation altogether, he phoned one of ADL's principle negotiators, Washington lawyer Max Kampelman, and proposed the two sides try meeting again, with all recent enmities put aside.

Within a week, both sides were meeting again in Washington and New York. There continued to be dissension among the Roundtable members, as there was with some of the representatives of the Jewish organizations. Another compromise was hammered out. Shapiro went to work on his business constituents, sending out a telegram to other members of the Roundtable asking their support, signed by himself along with Walter Wriston of Citicorp, Reginald Jones of General Electric and John DeButts of AT&T. At one point, Secretary of State Vance phoned Exxon directors at a board meeting to let them know how pleased the President would be with an agreement. Exxon President Clifton Garvin told Shapiro: "I'm not happy but I'd rather see this than divisiveness in the country."

With hard-won assent from their constituents now in hand, the Roundtable and Jewish representatives went again to the Hill, the White House and the State Department. Meanwhile an anti-boycott bill passed the House. On May 3 President Carter announced agreement between the Roundtable and the Jewish groups on "legislative language," commending them for their effort and its compromise result. "In my view," he said, "one of the most gratifying aspects of the agreement is its reasonable balance between the need for stringent control over the undesirable impact on America of foreign boycotts and the need to allow continuation of American business relations with countries engaging in such boycotts." Two days later, in the Senate, Adlai Stevenson's bill with amendments reflecting the agreement passed by a vote of 90-1. (Jesse Helms of North Carolina voted nay on a technicality.)

Not that the results totally pleased everybody. Senators Stevenson of Illinois, John Heinz of Pennsylvania of New York agreed with Senator Jacob Javits's, description: "It is difficult to be enthusiastic about any part of this bill [which] has been a triumph of the art of negotiation [and which] in the higher interests of an era of good feeling in the American community should be supported."

From the point of view of the American Jewish community the bill certainly is not perfect. But it is a good bill squarely putting the United States and its business community on record against boycott practices. From the standpoint of American business, the legislation may still cause some difficulties. But it is reasonable. Much is still to be worked out in the Commerce Department's implementation of the new policy. But both sides are—and have good reason to be—proud of themselves.

Irving Shapiro, a lawyer himself, is fond of recalling what a wise old attorney once told him about the settlement of nasty patent disputes: "I've never known a really good settlement where both sides didn't go away from the table a little sick to their stomachs." And Burton Joseph, the other leader of the successful effort, adds, "It was altogether a historical effort in showing the rest of the world how to develop a practical consensus among people who have been badly treated by Arab countries."

"Compromise" is often used in our society as a derogatory word. But it is the essence of the democratic system. And compromise, within the framework of a much-sought American morality, is what good public policy is all about.

## Edgar M. Bronfman

Edgar M. Bronfman is chairman of The Seagram Company Ltd., a member of all three Jewish organizations described in this article and chairman of the World Jewish Congress's co-ordinating committee on the Arab boycott.

An organization is still fighting it in 1977.

## The Slave Trade

*London*

Slavery is a phenomenon usually regarded in the past tense, but not by the Anti-Slavery Society for the Protection of Human Rights—the oldest and smallest of the established human rights organizations—which recently published *The Anti-Slavery Reporter and Aborigines' Friend*.

The Anti-Slavery Society was founded in 1834 by friends of William Wilberforce, the rampaging British abolitionist. Middle-class anti-slavery societies proliferated in England during the 19th century. Fueled by the crusading moralism of English Quakers, they made London the moral plexus of effective liberal action against the slave trade. Disraeli called it "an ignorant movement"; its members disrupted colonial control and destroyed the slave trade that Britain had perfected

during the 18th century. There is still slavery, but its modern forms are more insidious. The Anti-Slavery Society remains a discreet international lobby and the sole source of published information on the subject of modern slavery.

As recently as 1955, the Anti-Slavery Society estimated that there were 62 million people classifiable as slaves. The United Nations didn't adopt a convention against the practice of slavery until 1956, after years of lobbying by the Anti-Slavery Society. Only 85 of the 147 UN members have ratified the convention. Some clever excuses have been given by the 62 countries that have refused to sign. Venezuela, for instance, says it finds the concept of slavery so repellent that it doesn't want to acknowledge that such a terrible thing could exist.

Nations that traditionally allowed slavery or practices that resembled slavery finally have become more sensitive about it within the past decade, thus overt, identifiable instances of chattel slavery have diminished as nations "abolished" the practice. As late as 1967, the Defense Minister of the South Arabian Federation showed up in London with one of his slaves. Public reaction indicated that this sort of thing just didn't wash any more. Slavery is now illegal in all countries. According to both the Anti-Slavery Society and INTERPOL, this development actually has been an impediment to its further suppression. Deprived of statistics and reluctant to accuse a country of violating international or domestic law, the Anti-Slavery Society now prefers to avoid lists of offending nations. It presents an annual report to the new Working Group of Experts on Slavery under the United Nations Human Rights Sub-Commission, a group that the Anti-Slavery Society had been trying to create for nearly 20 years. The Experts have proved no more effective than the rest of the United Nations Human Rights Commission. When asked what they do with the Anti-Slavery Society's detailed and documented case studies, the chairman of the Experts group said, "We debate them, invite further evidence, make a report, and try to get higher ups to do something." In 1975, the Experts unanimously reported that the sum of slavery in the world had not diminished in the last decade.

The Anti-Slavery Society's most valuable asset is its distinguished lineage. It maintains a low profile as human rights groups go, seldom relying on massive publicity in the manner that Amnesty International has found so effective. When the Society is convinced that a report of the incidence of slavery is accurate, objective, and symptomatic of a consistent pattern, according to the chairman of the Society's General Committee, it says to the government involved, "Look here, your domestic situation is not entirely in line with the international convention you have signed. What do you intend to do about it?" Aggressive groups such as Amnesty International are impressed by what the Anti-

Slavery Society can accomplish this way. The Society sedulously avoids being "political"—a semantic trick that frees it to ignore forced labor camps in the Eastern Bloc countries. Here is a brief survey of slavery in the modern world, as the Anti-Slavery Society and the United Nations see it:

*Chattel Slavery.* The simple owning of human beings persisted openly in the Arabian Peninsula and the Sahara until very recently. The Islamic slave trade was much older than its European counterpart; Arab slavers were selling black Africans in the eighth century. It was (or is) an institution embedded deeply within the culture. In 1935, importation of chattel slaves was outlawed in Saudi Arabia. But when Faisal forbade the continued ownership of slaves in 1962, he said he believed there were about 250,000 slaves in his country. It's not clear what has happened to these people. The Anti-Slavery Society is convinced that there are no more open slave sales in Saudi Arabia: if there is still private marketeering, the Society doesn't know about it. Of the many reports of Africans being sold into slavery in Saudi Arabia in recent years, only two have been confirmed.

Reports of residual slavery often emanate from quite unexpected locations. The Philippines, the great post-war "American-style" democracy, still harbors old-fashioned slavery on the island of Mindanao where Muslim Filipinos, the Moros, have continually owned slaves since the 16th century.

One of the most incredible examples of mass slavery was reported last year in a well-documented Anti-Slavery Society report. The small West African nation of Equatorial Guinea, a "cocoa republic," traditionally relied on Nigerian labor to harvest the annual crop. After the Equatorial Guinean dictator, President-for-life Macias, had about 100 of them shot for protesting working conditions, the Nigerian Government airlifted most of these laborers out of Equatorial Guinea. So President Macias forced his own subjects into slavery to take the Nigerians' place.

The Anti-Slavery Society has monitored the destruction and sale into slavery of the Ache Indians in Paraguay. The Aches are known locally as the Guayaki or rats, and are the object of the Paraguayan customs of hunting Indians in the forest. When they aren't killed they are rounded up and sold off. There are about 300 Aches left.

Other countries in which chattel slavery was commonly found include Algeria, Chad, Libya, Mali, Mauritania, Morocco, Niger and Pakistan. This does not include the existence of caste-like groups of former slaves in many African countries whose treatment differs little from that they received when they actually were owned. Present-day chattel slaves receive better treatment than people suffering under one of the practices akin to slavery.

*Debt Bondage.* Debt bondage is a particularly grisly form of loan-sharking in which the "debt" is paid off

through bonded labor. Often the worker spends his entire life working off an escalating debt to the company store. In some cases, the debt is inherited. This is particularly useful to rubber tappers and diamond prospectors who exploit indigenous peoples in remote work sites. This practice exists quite openly in India and Burma, despite having been officially banned. The Anti-Slavery Society found in 1972 that an entire tribe, the Andoke Indians of Colombia, were being kept in a perpetual state of debt bondage to a local rubber tapper. The tribe never would have been able to work off its debt, so the Society actually bought them out of bondage and equipped them with tools to tap their own rubber. The chairman of the Society remembers this as "a glorious moment." Debt bondage is being studied in many countries, including Guatemala, Nicaragua, El Salvador and Honduras.

*Serfdom.* Classical serfdom is still widespread in Latin America, and has been reported to persist in Afghanistan, Ecuador, Ethiopia and Peru.

*Sham Adoption and Exploitation Of Children.* Children still are sold into household drudgery in Syria, Lebanon, Turkey, Latin American countries and various other countries that retain a tradition of indigenous child servants. In 1975, to illustrate the casualness with which small children are still bought and sold, a reporter for London's *Sunday Times* bought an eight year old boy in Sri Lanka for the equivalent of five dollars. Systems of bogus adoption that disguise this sale of children exist in Syria, Turkey and various West African countries.

The Anti-Slavery Society found in 1975 that many of those beautiful Moroccan carpets that now adorn so many American living rooms were made by children as young as five working 72 hours a week, often without pay. A British television documentary scheduled soon shows that thousands of children under 14 are illegally working and are often being injured in many of Hong Kong's 30,000 factories, including those making toys for Mattel, Kenner and Tonka.

*Traffic In Persons.* This is INTERPOL's term for what is commonly known as the white slave trade. Many of the lurid stories of adventurous and unsuspecting young white women having their passports taken and being sold into harems or into prostitution in the Middle East or the Ivory Coast apparently are true. Within the past few years, extensive white slaving rings have been broken up in Paris, Brussels (where the two sons of the Zaire Consul General were involved), Colombia and Bombay. Most of INTERPOL's reports to the United Nations on this subject are confidential. The Anti-Slavery Society has only become involved with the very obvious practice of forced prostitution in Hong Kong, where 15 and 16 year old girls often are sold for up to seven thousand dollars.

*Servile Forms of Marriage.* This is considered to be the Anti-Slavery Society's most tendentious area of interest. The Society has been extremely critical of

traditional Muslim treatment of women. It has worked for 50 years to persuade Africans in the Northern Sudan to reject the barbaric custom of clitoridectomy, but recently has become persuaded that large-scale publicity is only likely to deter reform.

Since the 19th century, the Society's concern has evolved toward the general issue of treatment of native or "indigenous" peoples. It has championed the causes of the Amazon Indians, the Kurds, the Kalahari Bushmen, the Australian Aborigines, the Nagas and various other groups suffering what anthropologists call "ethnocide"—the death of a culture. In this capacity, the Anti-Slavery Society often works with Survival International, another London-based human rights organization. The Society's Committee for Indigenous Peoples, an outgrowth of a Victorian group called the Aborigines Protection Society, is preparing reports on the deteriorating plight of 40 million tribal peoples in India and 30 million who have managed to retain some aspects of their own culture in China. The Anti-Slavery Society has been criticized in the past for using imprecise anthropological information. It has been known to confuse what it sees as a hidden form of slavery with traditional patron-client relationships which most anthropologists agree are benevolent in origin and should be left alone. Most human rights activists will agree, however, that academics often are suspicious of anyone who wants to change the world.

Members of the Anti-Slavery Society concede there are cultural relationships that can be defined as slavery which do, in fact, serve the interests of the people involved. They admit to some embarrassment at the fact that many whom they now attack for abusing human rights are the very people they were protecting from European exploitation originally.

**B**ut the question, "What is 'slavery'?" persists. If it is a broad definition used to describe forced economic, political or physical dependence, then there is slavery in sweat-shops and restaurants in New York and London; there are labor situations in industrial nations that closely resemble "slavery" for large groups of working people; and there are assuredly more "slaves" to be found late at night in one block of certain sections of mid-town Manhattan than there are rubber tappers in all of Latin America. If any organization should be able to continue to wield the highly emotive word slavery in the name of human rights, it is fitting that it should be a time-honored British institution. The English sold their daughters to the Vikings in the ninth century and only realized much later that the Vikings had been selling them to the Moors at a profit. They've been in the slavery game for quite a while.

**Donald Katz**

Donald Katz is a contributing editor of *Rolling Stone*.

## Stanley Kauffmann on films

### Further Fassbinder

About Rainer Werner Fassbinder there is obviously going to be a lot more to say. Here is a little more, offered—paradoxically—as a progress report on a large body of work already finished but being released here bit by bit. This young German is now 32 and has made about 30 films, including some features for TV. (He is now making his first big-budget picture, with a script by Tom Stoppard out of Nabokov, starring Dirk Bogarde—a move that worries many.) Fassbinder has also had a theater group, actors from which are recurrently visible in his films. When I reviewed *The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant* (TNR, July 17, '76), I had seen only four of his pictures. I've since seen two more, shown in a Fassbinder Festival in New York, plus another (*Effi Briest*) on which I'll withhold comment until it comes along in the festival. (I've also seen one he produced in 1973 and acts in but didn't direct, *Tenderness of the Wolves*. Comment here is irrelevant.)

*Mother Kusters Goes to Heaven* (New Yorker) was made in 1975. Reportedly, it was modeled with some parodic intent on a 1929 film by Piel Jutzi, *Mother Krausens' Journey to Happiness*, one of the pictures of that decade that tried to examine the proletarian life of Berlin. *Mother Kusters*, written by Fassbinder and Kurt Raab, is set in Frankfurt, heart of the postwar Economic Miracle, and deals with matters somewhat less miraculous. *Mother Kusters* does piecemeal work at home with her son and daughter-in-law while her husband works in a factory. The husband runs amok one day, kills the boss's son, then himself. In the world that (as shown here) makes that murder happen, *Mother Kusters* then becomes, briefly, a star.

Journalists besiege her, and one of the most "humane," the one who seems most to understand her need to reshape her life, turns out to be the most

exploitative swine. Rebounding from that cruelty, she is taken over by a couple of wealthy Communists, a man and wife named Thälmann (an obvious reference to Ernst Thälmann, the Communist leader who died in a concentration camp in 1944). She soon ceases to be useful to the couple's propaganda purposes, then joins a young anarchist group in a sit-in at the offices of the magazine firm that published the scandalous stuff about her husband. The glamour of the anarchist gesture quickly wears off, and when the night-watchman of the office invites her home for a supper of "heaven and earth"—sausage and apple dumplings—she goes with him.

Fassbinder intends the happy ending to be sad, of course, if not ironic. As such, it's more effective than the ending of his *Ali* in which an old charwoman (played by the same actress, Brigitte Mira) goes off happily with a Moroccan worker some 25 years her junior after they have had some real tribulations. But I've grown wary of ironic happy endings. Bernard Shaw, somewhere in his superlative music criticism, says that when composers of his day didn't know how to finish a piece, they wrote a final fugue, as if that were the very thing they had been moving toward all along. I'm beginning to think the same thing about ironic happy endings in latter-day novels and plays and films.

*Mother Kusters* has the virtues and flaws of a patent schema. It is made cleanly, it moves smoothly and intelligently. It is much less Brechtian (an adjective applied these days to everyone except Sam Peckinpah) than cool and classical: its material is arranged in significant symmetry. The flaw, chiefly, is that we watch—with comprehension and care but with little involvement. (Not the same condition as Brecht's "alienation effect.")

The strongest Fassbinder film I have seen is called *Jail Bait* (New Yorker), made from a play by his coeval fellow-Bavarian, Franz Xaver Kroetz. The original title is *Wildwechsel*, translatable as *Change of Quarry*; the new title is lurid but not utterly inapt. Kroetz, who had a volume of his plays published here last year by Urizen Books, not including this one, is a writer of poetic-naturalistic power. His play converts, through

Fassbinder's adaptation, into the director's best script that I know.

Hanni, the 14-year-old daughter of a truckdriver living in a small Bavarian town, is a seemingly average adolescent. One day she arbitrarily decides to give her virginity to Franz, a 19-year-old worker in town. The act opens sluiceways of passion in her, and a hot love affair develops. The affair is discovered, and Franz goes to jail, presumably for seducing a minor.

Hanni's father, in his phlegmatic way, is appalled. So is her mother, in a more lachrymose way. When Franz gets out after a short term, Hanni promises her parents not to see him. She does; and gets pregnant. She is afraid that her father will kill Franz when her state becomes apparent, so she plans, and the pair execute, her father's murder. Eventually they are caught. The child is born deformed and dead. She is stoical; Franz is moved. In custody they are separated.

It's a harsh, unrelenting scenario. Hanni is not shown to be victimized by bad upbringing or by social conditions worse than those of most 14-year-olds who do not murder. Her parents are no less perceptive than most and more forgiving, at first, than many. Franz, in his inarticulate but genuine way, is in love with her. (In the murder he is more or less her tool.) If there is any social comment in the film, other than a few references to the perdurable anti-Semitism of Bavaria, it's the heaviness of the Bavarian Catholic decor. Franz wears a big crucifix around his neck,

### Films Worth Seeing

*Aguirre, The Wrath of God*. A German-made political allegory about conquistadores, Peru 1560. Not thematically enlightening but marvelous to watch.

*Annie Hall*. Woody Allen's best film so far—which means mostly unobtrusive direction, mostly successful gags about neurotic sex and love.

*Cousin Angelica*. A modern Spaniard "revisits" in memory Spain of the Civil War. Inconclusive but deft and absorbing.

*Harlan County, USA*. A (for once) deserved Academy Award has brought back this fine documentary about coal miners.

SK

even to assignments and to murder. After Hanni's mother talks about her trouble with her daughter, the camera picks up a cheap chromo of the Holy Mother and Child on the bedroom wall.

If Kroetz/Fassbinder were after socio-political game, I think they failed, but they got something at least equally important and possibly more horrible since it's perennial and ubiquitous: the unleashing of the demons of sex and the unpredictability of the result. This child changes into a sexualized person while she is still in the social position of an infant. Not every early adolescent who discovers sex, even who begins a passionate affair, proceeds to murder the father who objects. But Kroetz/Fassbinder have chosen this girl (and the story has an air of precedent in fact) because this extreme action, irrational but well this side of raving insanity, dramatizes the awful imbalance of her situation. Hanni's two lives, adult and child, conjoin too quickly and engulfingly for her to handle them, and the tumult destroys any other affection and obligation. To some extent, this destruction occurs in every adolescent; that is the horror in this extremity.

Fassbinder's direction slides (satirical-ly?) into the pretty-pretty once in a while, like a postcard shot of the lovers

against a setting sun in the woods, and he slaps chunks of Beethoven's Fifth Piano Concerto on the soundtrack ineptly and inappropriately. His central success here is with the acting. His films have generally been well performed by his "ensemble," but nothing of his that I've seen has called for the all-out emotional performance given by Eva Mattes as Hanni. Fassbinder's perception of how this chunky, unpretty, thick-legged child could be made to think like a sexual young woman, his guidance of her to the peaks and abysses of this volatile character, stand for me as real directing achievements, easily on a level with anything he has achieved purely cinematically. (Mattes, by the way, is now making a film with Werner Herzog, the director of *Aguirre*.)

Harry Baer, the Franz, is something like James Dean but more appealing. Jorg von Liebenfels, Hanni's father, nicely combines reticence with narrowness. Her mother has a nearly perceptible scent of small-home authenticity—played by Ruth Drexel whom I saw (I think) in a Kroetz play performed by the Munich Kammerspiele.

More on Fassbinder later, inevitably. But by now it's clear that some acquaintance with his work is a requirement for "literacy" in the film today.

## John Seelye on Television

Howard, Hughie and Jimmy

Sometimes I get the feeling that television is trying to tell us something, that out of the wasteland there may be heard a still small voice warning us of the coming of the Lord knows what. A certain paranoia helps, undoubtedly, and perhaps I am alone in lining up "The Life and Assassination of the Kingfish" (NBC: 21 March) and "The Amazing Howard Hughes" (CBS: April 13-14) with the flurry of activity attending the birth of President Carter's energy program. From another perspective the two dramatic specials could be seen as part of the nostalgia trip television has been taking these past months, including tributes to Bette Davis and Woodie Guthrie and concerts by Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra. Certainly Huey Long and Howard Hughes are figures from a period past regaining: We will not see the likes again of the populist and the playboy-

polymorph, and President Carter has been telling us why. In terms of political or petroleum-derived power, the times they are a'changing.

There can be no telling of Huey Long's story without echoing the resonances of Robert Penn Warren's version, a book written when Americans were alert to the dangers of fascism, of Mussolini variety, but failed to see the resemblance in the benign FDR. Long's was a sweaty, loud-mouthed, rednecked, shirtsleeve populism, and Edward Asner once again demonstrated his versatility by making you forget Lou Grant for a while, taking on another role that is making him over into a new kind of American hero, a Macbeth-as-ethnic-minority—including po' white trash. But the essential parable remains as Warren told it, a tragedy in which rural ambition molds itself into benevolent



*Serving America's  
Union Families*

### THE AMERICAN INCOME PHILOSOPHY

- ... to recognize what is and what can be
- ... to know where we are and where we are going
- ... to dream big and implement realistically
- ... to recognize responsibility and make decisions with sensitivity

We operate under the free enterprise system and are basically like other insurance companies with one difference, however. We are union through and through. Our office force and agents are union members and covered by negotiated contracts.

Of the 1,700 insurance companies in America, 15 giant companies do 85% of the business. That means that the other 1,685 fight for what's left. Even though American Income Life has over \$70 million in assets and is stable and successful, we are among the companies competing for your business.

We're living proof that a company with union contracts can compete with non-union companies. Our employees enjoy the protection of union contracts and wages, yet our policies cost no more than similar policies offered by non-union and anti-union insurance companies.

### AMERICAN INCOME LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY . . .

a union label company serving American union families. It is publicly owned with 4800 stock holders and with assets in excess of 70 million dollars. If you would like an annual report, write to:  
Kenneth W. Phillips, Vice Pres. and Controller  
P.O.B. 208, Waco, Texas 76703

tyranny while retaining the one foot of red clay that finally crumbles. Bullying, haranguing, cajoling, squeezing and slapping flesh, the Kingfish was not exactly the Fisher King that T.S. Eliot hoped would redeem the Wasteland but he was most certainly a native American equivalent of that mystic figure.

Huey Long would seem to have little in common with Howard Hughes, yet Louisiana borders on Texas, and the poor-boy-to-martyrdom saga shares with the story of the rich-boy-to-madman-millionaire an emphasis on the tragic effect of power. Both pictures began with what has become a standard image on television, a figure on a wheeled stretcher being rushed through the corridors of a hospital. Whatever it may say about the state of the medium, in terms of technique the man-on-the-stretcher is an updated version of the old man-on-a-galloping horse movie cliché, a device intended to grab the viewer's attention. In "The Life and Assassination" it was used as a framing mechanism, also, as in "Citizen Kane" thrusting us *in termina res*, whence we look back by means of flashbacks at Huey's rise as the Wife,

the Sons, the conniving Brother, the Mistress, and even the obligatory Cynical Reporter were brought to his bedside while political hacks keened and wailed outside.

Thanks to Asner's performance, the picture transcended these mechanisms, or rather it absorbed them, as essential to the story as the flivvers and faces right out of old WPA photographs that were intended to lend the movie verisimilitude but lifted it instead into ritual. The same may be said of the decor—mostly deco—of "The Amazing Howard Hughes," by means of which beautiful machines provided a *leitmotif*, serving as intentional and intelligent commentary. Many of the episodes began with a vintage automobile moving into and dominating the frame, a convenient device (if obvious) with which to register the movement of time. But the beautiful machines were more than that: gleaming like enameled jewels and vibrating with power, they upstaged the passion. This was the case especially with the several airplanes, antiques all yet still resonant with the imagery of modernism—sleek, shining aluminum hulls and curvilinear shapes.

Huey Long thrived on people, like most politicians a transcendental version of a parasite, and drew his power from the populace; he should be portrayed in their midst, pressed by flesh as he pressed it. But Hughes needed machines and is best remembered as in so many photographs, in close company with the fuselage of an airplane, pressed back against the metal away from the camera as if reluctantly posed, a mechanic monk interrupted at his devotions. There are those who profess not to understand the man, and his rotten end remains something of a clinical puzzle, but anyone who shares his admiration for a beautiful machine can understand him without too much help from psychiatrists. His difference was mostly a matter of money, which enabled him to play with airplanes and other expensive toys denied most of us, yet Hughes also had the uncanny ability of convincing his fellow Americans that the silver spoon in his mouth was a toothpick. He had a quality that John Keats (the biographer of men and their arrogant machines, not the poet) has compared to Huck Finn—being barefooted all over—but he is reminiscent also of Tom Sawyer; he has something in him of the eternal showman as well as the universal boy.

Lindbergh perhaps comes closer to Huck Finn, while Hughes had

something of Edison about him, being a man not only of heroic flight but of religious isolation in the workshop. He was not an inventor but like Henry Ford a sublime technician, who worked endlessly to improve other men's inventions. Yet like Edison he was apparently happiest when tinkering endlessly, whether with movies or machines, searching for just the right filament to cast the greatest light. He wanted to be the champion of golfdom, flight, and motion picture production, or so claims Noah Dietrich on whose memoirs *The Amazing Howard* was based, but as his first movie *Swell Hogan* suggests, he understood greatness in terms of technical perfection, not original vision. If *Hells Angels* is a great motion picture it is because it is supreme in its genre, and the same may be said of *Scarface*, but what went wrong with *The Outlaw* was timing. Made in the early '40s and released several years later, it resembles a number of automobiles of the post-war period, which are nothing more than stylistic extensions of the pre-war models. Hughes himself was very much of the '30s, and in mythic terms should have died in the crash of 1946. His later years as the Gnome of Las Vegas have a certain grotesque fascination, but it is rapidly being dispelled as the sordid facts are revealed. Like the Wizard of Oz he turns out to have been just a crazy old man, powerful as ever but largely irrelevant.

The television movie began with and dwelt overlong on this latter-day, freakshow Howard Hughes, exploiting the latest revelations. Though based on Dietrich's book, it devoted the entire second part to Hughes's life after he parted company with his loyal servant, his Duke of Kent, becoming a naked Lear in his Kleenex Kingdom. But the Hughes that counts is the Howard of the First Part, who like Clark Gable—whom he much resembled—was in all his acts essentially an actor, and a cipher at the core. As an actor he was the '30s personified, one of the mechanisms that endowed a drab decade with glamour, a real-life Smilin' Jack. As Huey Long used the Depression to garner political power, aiming to k.o. FDR from below the Sunshine Belt, Howard Hughes flew high over the people, showering their lives with the tinsel of dreamstuff. Huey was an American Antaeus, who kept his power only so long as his feet touched the soil, while Hughes was Icarus, who flew too high and crashed. Had the qualities of

## The Sharing of Land and Resources In America

Peter Barnes' six-part series on the distribution of land and wealth in America is now available as a 64-page booklet. Price [including postage and handling]:

1-10 — \$2 per copy  
11-50 — \$1.50  
over 50 — \$1

Address orders to  
**THE NEW REPUBLIC**  
1220 19th St., NW  
Washington, DC 20036  
prepaid orders only  
D. C. residents add 5% tax

both been combined in one man, American political history would have been different.

Tommy Lee Jones did an admirable job of conveying Hughes's personality, which like Edison's lightbulb depended upon a vacuum for its luminosity. With his flat Texas voice Hughes was something of a de-person, a pan without any handle, and Jones conveyed that one-dimensional, comic-strip quality, aided immensely by his striking resemblance to the man. And Ed Flanders was likewise excellent as Noah Dietrich, Hughes's CPA (Cautious Person in Attendance), providing the viewpoint we were supposed to share as a head-shaking yet admiring spectator of the millionaire's eccentricities. He played Nick Carraway to Hughes's Gatsby, dwelling in a cottage adjacent to the freak show in the mansion but never more than a witness to the scene. When Hughes finally went inside and shut the door, there was meaning in the fact that Dietrich was left outside, much as his retreat signalled a departure from a world in which he no longer belonged.

This truth is illuminated by Hughes's use of television strictly as a device to keep himself isolated from others, a kind of super-intercom system. He never seems to have regarded it as a great force for either entertainment or social control. One wonders what use Huey Long would have made of television had it been available to him. I remember a showing of *Triumph of the Will* from my college days (Class of '53) and a government professor saying how lucky we were that Hitler did not have television at his disposal. Still, Hitler, like Huey Long and Mussolini, was an old-style politician, adept at working the crowd. The Riefenstahl film gave him Wagnerian wings but the effect was singular, and repetition would have if anything dulled it. Lyndon B. Johnson was a product of the same school of populist politics as Long and he was never comfortable with television, however much in awe of it.

But Jimmy Carter is a new kind of populist, who wears his shirt-sleeves as to the manner born but with a difference: the idea is not to bring relief to his sweating body but to appear casual, cool in the psychological, not physical sense. Unlike Johnson and Huey Long he draws nothing from a crowd of admirers except an aching hand and, he hopes, some votes. Despite his admiration of Truman and his emulatory whistlestop tour, he was

most at home before the television cameras for whom the tour was staged. As an emerging American culture hero he falls between Huey and Hughes (as in "Who is Jimmy Carter?"), being neither a poor nor a rich boy but a kind of happy child of moderate means, who, having had his obligatory love affair with technology went home to parley the warehousing of peanuts into a million dollars. He is, as he recommends himself to us, an efficiency expert, who would most certainly share Noah Dietrich's attitude toward the antics of Howard Hughes. Still the image he wishes to convey is not of Long's raw power but of a man thoroughly in control, both of himself and the mechanisms of government. Like Hughes, he is the technician as hero.

Many Americans like Miss Lillian may have thrown up their hands as the facts and figures came pouring out before the seated representatives of the people, but they undoubtedly shared her admiration for her boy, who did indeed "look good." President Carter's week on television will remain I think something of a turning point, in terms of his own career and the future of the American way. It began with "A Day in the Life"

on NBC, which John Chancellor seemed to regard as a precious peep into the inner workings of the presidency but which was as cleverly a stage-managed bit of White-House flackery as anything to come out of the Nixon days. Style nearly devoid of substance but conveying a good deal of cosseted drama, it featured two main events, the daily cabinet meeting and a visit by President Sadat of Egypt. Now cabinet meetings are most definitely where things begin to happen, but what the cabinet members said sounded like brief snippets from future "Meet the Press" confrontations, being mostly mild, bland, and abstract statements of good intentions. Califano the Caliph of HEW was twitted for his cook, when this viewer would have preferred he be fired, *in camera*, but the rest was pure pabulum, all smiles and sweet concord. As for Anwar Sadat, he is a nice gentleman of old (Egyptian) stock, but he is about as reflective of the realities of the Near East as that other recent visitor to Washington, King Tutankhamun.

True, we did hear in passing plans for Chip Carter's departure for China, and letting Chip land where he may seems

## 1945: **BLACK BOY** 1977: **AMERICAN HUNGER**



Between the early years growing up in Mississippi, so vividly documented in *Black Boy*, and the years of international success and acclaim—this is the crucial period described in *American Hunger*. Written at the same time as *Black Boy* but never before published in its entirety, this richly anecdotal memoir portrays Wright's jack-of-all-trades life in Chicago, his disillusionment with the Communist Party, his seeking refuge in his art. "What a treasure!" —Gwendolyn Brooks

## **AMERICAN HUNGER** **RICHARD WRIGHT**

**\$8.95 at bookstores**

 **Harper & Row**  
10 E. 53rd St., New York 10022  
1817

to be Carter's idea of statesmanship, a Chip-off-the-old-blockism that smacks mightily of Scionocracy. One would prefer that Chip be given a job someplace in Georgia—say a paper route in Plains—to start him on his way to the White House. But it certainly attests to the fact that President Carter has made himself and all his family right at home in Washington, rather like the Snopeses in Jefferson but without taking their bad manners. Like Flem he is a master of manipulation, and the problem as I see it is what Carter wants *is* good for the nation, only the Congress and the Special Interests he warned us about don't see it that way. His resemblance to Eleanor Roosevelt has been noted, but it stops with the buck teeth. The molars are filled with steel. On his first fireside chat the President greeted the American people in the manner of "Just Plains' Jimmy," playing the kindly father at eventide, handing out love and candy. The second time around he shed the cardigan for necktie and suitcoat and it was less a fireside chat than a trip to the woodshed, being a stiff-handed way of explaining where the fire came from and how much it cost.

The degree of severity increased when he stood before Congress and the nation, smiling ruefully as he told us it will hurt but we will be all the better for it—and then the facts began to descend like hard blows falling. What President Carter was telling us is that the age of Howard Hughes is over, that we shall thenceforth have to disassociate horsepower from status and sex. Limousines will again become the conveyances of the very wealthy and Members of Congress. And Jimmy Carter was also telling us that the age of Huey Long is over, as the spectre of the last surviving Kingfish in his wheelchair paying his respects to the

President during his "Day" on television should suggest. Gone is the old populist manner of address, the red hot rhetoric and the repeated promises of plenty. Still, though the submarine is not a battleship, do not confuse the style for the substance: the energy crisis, warns Carter, is the moral equivalent of war and those Americans who prize their liberties more than their limousines had better reread the Articles of War. President Carter knows them by heart.

Carter is realigning the mechanism of government to give himself terrific leverage as Congress and the lobbyists growl over the bare energy bone he has thrown them. He proposes to use that power for the good of the American people, and if the Congress and the Special Interests Groupies continue to show their teeth and speak to their own notions of what the American people want—notions derived from their own self-serving and selfish desires—then Carter will undoubtedly go directly to the people, who he views rightly I think as essentially honest, well-meaning, and capable of sacrifice. As the process goes on, however, we shall notice some gradual changes in our present system of government. President Carter has chosen 1985 as the "target date" for his energy plan, some two years short of the Bicentennial of the Constitution but one year past the Orwellian *annus horribilis*. If he is forced to use television to route his energy package around the Hill, we may expect an even bleaker future than the one Mr. Carter foresees, in which Huey Long's Big Daddy becomes the benign superparent of the Air Waves predicted by Orwell, not the Godfather but the Father god. It will be a marvelously flat place which, if it facilitates travel, will give us no place to go but home, where Chip Carter will tell us what next to do.

into a promising solidarity, rich in a sense of dawns. Yet within less than a decade an expelled, demented university student who perpetrated an unsuccessful assassination attempt upon the same tsar, was widely perceived as a martyr, and a passion for violence had begun to sweep the land. In the sequel, as protests on behalf of moderation were choked off, a new assassination attempt succeeded, and a decisive turn was taken toward that hideous 20th century reign of blackness whose ending still remains, for us, unimaginable. How, we say, how could this have happened? What extraordinary factors figure?

Pursuing answers to these questions in a new study of prerevolutionary Russian prophets and conspirators, Adam Ulam, government professor at Harvard and author of a superbly mordant life of Stalin, honors the familiar conventions of contemporary historical discourse—tonal modesty, suppression of the sermonizing impulse, restraint in pressing parallels between then and now, absorption in explanation. His manner acknowledges the difficulty of the problems but conveys assurance that they're by no means impenetrable—given a firm scholarly will to resist *profundum* about the human condition, and steady attention to the grainy particulars of the case.

Alexander's promise of emancipation was made in 1857; delivery was postponed until 1861, and while the delay was understandable—"working out the emancipation law [was] probably the greatest task of social engineering in modern history"—radicals and revolutionaries weren't disposed to understand. Furthermore, the delay spawned rumors that other benefits besides freedom, including absolution from payment for land, might accrue to the peasantry, and the failure of these benefits to materialize intensified disappointment. Still worse, at almost precisely the moment the Edict came down, nationalist uprisings against Russia in Poland were brutally quelled by Russian soldiers, stirring fresh attack on the autocracy. Among radicals, in short, euphoria about Emancipation ended close to the instant it began, obliterated by a fresh wave of revolutionary excitement.

But it doesn't follow, of course, that such excitement has to lead on to conspiracy, terror, the concept of iron party discipline, the abolition of every morality save that of destruction-to-the-oppressors. What made it do so? A

## Books Considered

In the Name of the People:  
Prophets and Conspirators in Prerevolutionary Russia  
by Adam B. Ulam  
(Viking; \$15)

The aftermath of Tsar Alexander II's Emancipation Edict constitutes a complex historical problem. By a single stroke the ruler had silenced his critics

(even roused some, like Herzen, to rhapsodic praise), enormously increased his general popularity, elevated the national morale, and drawn all classes



Nicholas Nekrasov  
(M. A. Antonovich, *Shestidesyatiye Gody*,  
Moscow, 1928)

broad range of influences, says the historian. A new, educated or half-educated, morally disoriented plebian class had come into being, and its hostility both to existing social values and to the trimming ways of the liberation movement's cultivated elders edged the latter toward extremism. The absence of public political arenas—inevitable under autocracy—obliged activists to move underground, into conspiracy. The absence of public scrutiny of the underground political structures enabled unbalanced men and women—pranksters, fantasts, the murderous and the blood-crazed, others psychologically attuned to terror—to pass themselves off as leaders, their madness hidden from view. Alexander himself, while repudiating the cruelties of some of his predecessors, was, at bottom, persuaded of the soundness of his own father's advice ("Hold onto everything"), and hence unresponsive to constitution-minded reformers whose position afforded at least a prospect of debate. Young partisans of liberation who, having taken their case to the people and learned of the mulish (or mystical) loyalty of the peasants to the tsar, were wrung with frustration and rage, blinded by longing for outward confirmation—bombs and blood alone could provide it—that the fury within them was a mere shadow of the imminent universal storm. And the government was erratic, shuttling between soppy permissivism and spasmodic, badly judged severity, bring-

ing itself under contempt, repeatedly extending the life of the underground, offering it endless opportunities to learn from its failures.

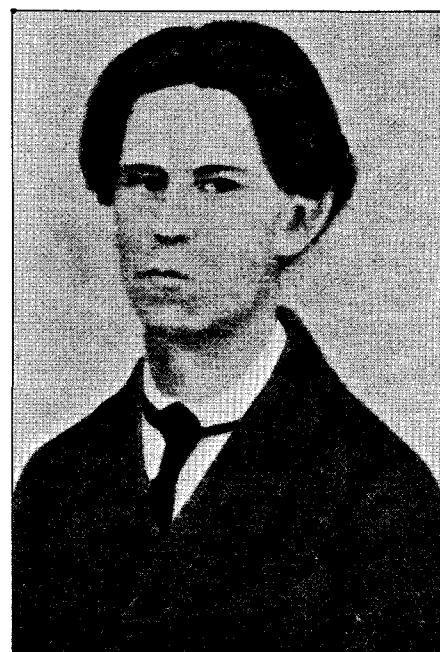
Occasionally in clarifying the operation of these influences Ulam is pulled into a labyrinth of double and triple agency confusing to non-specialist readers—for example in unravelling power struggles within the People's Will. But for the most part the outlines are clear and the narrative highly readable. There are subtle portraits of leaders among the new men—Chernyshevsky, Herzen's challenger, the monster Nechayev, a dozen more. There are passages of comedy, as in the life story of Vladimir Obruchev, a cowboy kid who came initially to conspiracy out of the love of cabs and fast horses. There are fearful episodes of savagery, including a gripping retelling of the story of the murder of Ivanov (the event that became the crisis of Dostoyevsky's *The Possessed*). The author retains focus and control by scrupulous separation of longterm ("special characteristics of the Russian character") and shortterm ("peculiar combination of [contemporary] personalities and circumstances") influences, and by intervals of patient clarifying summary. Conservative in thrust, a shade more loosely written than the author's *Stalin: The Man and His Era* but variegated in method and exemplary in scale and sense of values, the book is a solid and illuminating work of historical research.

And something much more. For, as it happens, *In the Name of the People* is the kind of history that reads the reader, asks continually how matters stand with him with regard to "violence on the side of good." On every page the presence of the outsider and the observer is felt—the middle class, the upper class, the intelligentsia, the uncommitted, the liberal sympathizers, ourselves. The author is sometimes explicit in his commentary upon them:

... the Russian situation was peculiar in that this means of political struggle [i.e., political terror] was viewed with understanding if not outright sympathy by many solid middle and upper class citizens who themselves would not have dreamed of violating the most trivial police regulation. It is only under these conditions that individual terror is resorted to by normal people and can become of political significance. We have seen the two classical stereotypes of Russian radicals: 'the guilt-stricken

nobleman' and 'the enraged plebian.' ... What might be called the 'sighing moderate' joined them. Within the revolutionary camp he would still plead that the movement should not swerve from its original goal of educating the masses and liberating their instinctive socialism. But he did not oppose his terrorist comrade's tactics too strenuously: how else could the government be persuaded to allow peaceful propaganda for its own overthrow? Respectable lawyers, professors, and journalists shrugged their shoulders over the latest assassination: perhaps it would teach the regime a lesson, that only by granting a constitution could it put a stop to these horrors, and for all the impermissibility of such methods, one could not but admire the idealism of those young people ...

More often he permits the outsiders to speak for themselves, usually after an explosion or pistol shot. What was that? says the citizen to the cop. What did that mean? And the answer time and again is: forget it. A sigh. A shrug. Not for us to trouble ourselves with. The force of the lesson grows as the work unfolds, so that well before the end, whether one is reading about the decent young liberationist pilgrims working among the peasantry or about the slobs and brutes who took Nechayev for their leader, a voice in the margin seems to be speaking, urgently but unhysterically. If on the way to your committee meeting your path is barred, says this voice, speak against



Serge Nechayev  
(Katorga Issylka, No. 14, Moscow, 1925)



Nicholas Serno-Solovievich  
(Literaturnoye Nasledstvo, No. 62,  
Moscow, 1950)

coercion. Do not seek understanding. If your colleague, addressing youth or whomever in a public meeting for or against your cause, appears to endorse the use of fire in the name of this cause, speak against him. Do not seek understanding. If at a public meeting a personal attack is launched upon a member of the community not present to defend himself, speak against this. Do not seek understanding.

In theory no one needs such instruction. In theory everyone understands that evasiveness, timidity, fear of embarrassment, vague sympathy, must not be allowed to tease men into violations of moral standards. In fact, though, a quarter hour of "demonstration" often suffices to erase clarities and delete the consciousness that methods matter. "... the terrorists pursued their craft heedless of the fact that it would destroy not only their own and their victims' lives, but also the very movement and the ideal they had set out to serve." *In the Name of The People* never raises its voice or departs from the honorable norms of its discipline. Yet it does become in its course—movingly, irrefutably, invaluable—a command: *judge the means*. This book is better than history, in a word; it is a shield.

### Benjamin DeMott

*Benjamin DeMott* is professor of English at Amherst and a columnist for *The Atlantic*.

daily lives of sailors at a time of momentous change; he should be studied and appreciated for what he did.

Now the drawings have been reprinted in a needlessly fat volume. What purports to be a commentary and biography of the artist is often a vehicle for the author's political opinions. Stedman's technique is restrained and lighthearted; Jim Dan Hill's text is loud, ornate, and ideological. The eye of the artist is fixed on the Civil War; the voice of the text has been through Korea and Vietnam.

Hill should have stuck to the drawings. A former Navy enlisted man and merchant marine, he is at home on the sea. His remarks on specific scenes show that he understands the dress, tools, and nautical language of the time as well as Stedman did. Hill can name the elements of the drawings and put them together in unsuspected dramas. When he does this he helps us to see.

Sometimes he would have us see more than what the artist saw or intended for us to see. Hill's descriptions of the guns on the USS *Huron* are more exacting and enthusiastic than Stedman's. Hill admits that Stedman "did not care" to draw the guns accurately. From Hill's narrative of a battle in Charleston Harbor we see the smoke and fire and movements of a whole squadron which the sailors in the berth-deck and the surgeon at his post would have been too busy to see. Stedman drew the moving parts; Hill describes the machine.

But Hill goes beyond giving us a context for the drawings. He uses the battle to make points about more recent military frustrations. He blames "distant, unrealistic bureaucrats" for orders leading to tactical errors. "Fact" after "fact" exonerates the crews, commanders, and high command of the ironclad squadron.

Nobody is accusing them. Here, and in other passages, Hill seems to be reading back into history from current concerns. I don't know what Hill's personal politics are, and they are not the issue. It is simply a misuse of Stedman's drawings to enlist them in any cause.

Nothing Stedman ever wrote or drew supports Hill's excursions into political history. Hill calls John Brown "a notorious fanatic and a deliberate murderer of record" who was "promptly and legally hanged under the criminal code of Virginia." So, John Brown got what he deserved. "It would have been far better for the nation," Hill con-

## The Civil War Sketchbook of Charles Ellery Stedman by Jim Dan Hill

(Presidio Press; \$25)

When Charles Ellery Stedman published his *Civil War Sketchbook* in 1884, he had the wisdom to withhold a lengthy commentary. He let the drawings speak for themselves, modestly and playfully. They constituted an oddly sentimental memoir, considering that the originals were done in the heat of the war, or just after.

Stedman served as a surgeon in the Union Navy. Often he presided over

empty sick-bays, so he had time to contemplate and draw. Many of his drawings were included in letters to his wife. Using pencil, ink, or paints, he drew profiles of ships, scenes of skylarking and drilling on board, encounters with contraband slaves and other noncombatants. He appears frequently in the scenes, always out of harm's way. In keeping a diary of drawings, Stedman documented the

tinues, "had Brown . . . perished with his followers."

This kind of talk has no place in a book about Civil War Navy drawings. Hill's dislike of revolutionaries distracts from Stedman and makes bad history. When he grinds his axe against William Lloyd Garrison, "the revolutionary leader of the Abolitionists" who was "more vicious" on disunion than was any southerner, Hill obscures what really was vicious at the time—slavery.

I should not grind my axe any more than Hill should grind his. But there is something you can read about slavery in Stedman's drawings, while there is nothing about Garrison or Brown. Looking at the black and white faces in "Ethiopian serenaders," I see a unanimity of feeling which scoffs at the thought that one person could own another.

The Civil War does not make sense if you deny the impact of slavery. And so, to Hill, the War began as "an artificially created crisis," as though it had no basis in real conditions. Elsewhere, Hill calls it "the war that should never have happened." But it did happen, and Stedman probably knew it was coming. It is hard to imagine a Boston Brahmin growing up in the mid-19th century untouched by the great political issues—Nullification, the Kansas-Nebraska Act, the Dred Scott case, John Brown's raid, etc.

Hill insists that Stedman's urge to draw "could not have come from the crude cartoons that appeared in the newssheets and magazines of his time. Crude to the point of being almost repulsive . . ." Crude to whom? As far as we know, Stedman never criticized them. Hill finds them obnoxious because they dealt with "libelous political themes and words"—hardly an esthetic rebuke. These political cartoons reflected the general clamor of the era. Even if Stedman learned nothing about technique from them—

and his drawings do not support this conclusion—he would have known what they were talking about.

Once, in a letter, Stedman refers to the enemy in battle as "those lunatic rebels." His drawings, however, make few political judgments. They are workaday illustrations of workaday themes. "The turret in action," "The powder division of the berth-deck of a Monitor in action," "The Leadsman," "Eleven-inch gun drill," and others depict social stratification on ships, the division of labor within the ranks, and the physical demands of work.

Hill claims more for Stedman's art than Stedman ever did or would. He compares Stedman to Winslow Homer—a comparison just as silly today as it would have been in 1865. Stedman was not trying to do for the Navy what Homer did for the field armies. His letters and drawings were intended for an intimate audience, not for the mass readership of *Harper's Weekly*. Stedman was an excellent caricaturist, but he made no advances on the popular graphics of his day. Homer went beyond Romanticism to Realism, and helped to create the public taste which accepted him.

Stedman's achievement has its own heroic quality, like that of a sailor who, in the line of duty, incidentally saves his mates. He resigned his commission at the end of the war content, Hill interjects, to leave "the lesser tasks" of reconstruction to "lesser men." Such *hubris* was not a part of Stedman's character; at least it is not evident in his drawings. His letters show that he was excited as readily by the sweet singing of "some birds in our rigging" as by "the roar of guns and the screech of shells."

### Theodore Rosengarten

Theodore Rosengarten is the author of *All God's Dangers: The Life of Nate Shaw* (Knopf).

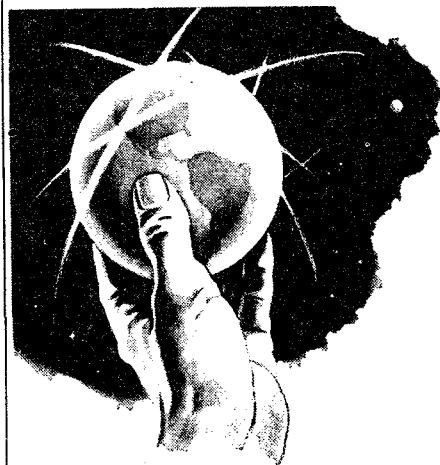
## William Morris, Romantic to Revolutionary by E.P. Thompson

(Pantheon; \$17.95)

It is an attractive, clever dyptich: two versions of precisely the same scene face one another. On the left the original title-page woodcut of *News From Nowhere* shows Kelmscott Manor as it was when William Morris lived

there; on the right a bright color photograph reveals how well the Society of Antiquaries have restored the old Cotswold house. Below both, the British Automobile Association's *Guide* informs the reader that *News From*

## MIND, ORDER, ENERGY.



### Which Governs the Universe and You?

What lies behind all existence? Is everything a product of supernatural design? Are humans shifted about by an arbitrary will like pieces on a chessboard? Or does a stupendous energy, without reference to purpose, bring about a ceaseless transformation from atoms to stars and to life itself?

Mind—Order—Energy—may these not be summed up in one word: Consciousness? Behind all a Universal Consciousness, impersonal, eternal. It composes the order of matter, the sensitivity of life, and that personal awareness that is Self.

This is a new age! It is time to reconcile science, philosophy, and mysticism. Truth is found in unifying all experience and knowledge that man has acquired—no longer must man be dealt with separately with prejudice or preference.

### ACCEPT THIS FREE BOOK

For a frank, fascinating presentation of a rational personal philosophy of life that dispels superstition and obsolete traditions, write for the free book The Mastery of Life. It is presented by the Rosicrucians (not a religion), a worldwide cultural society. Through this book thousands have learned how they may acquire a fuller life.

Please use this coupon  
or write to:

SCRIBE: M.A.C.

**The ROSICRUCIANS**  
(AMORC)

San Jose, California 95191 U.S.A.  
(Not a religious organization)

Scribe M.A.C.  
The ROSICRUCIAN ORDER (AMORC)  
San Jose, California 95191 U.S.A.

Gentlemen:  
Please send me the free book *The Mastery of Life*. I wish to learn more about *Self* and its cosmic relationship and how I may benefit therefrom.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please print name and address)

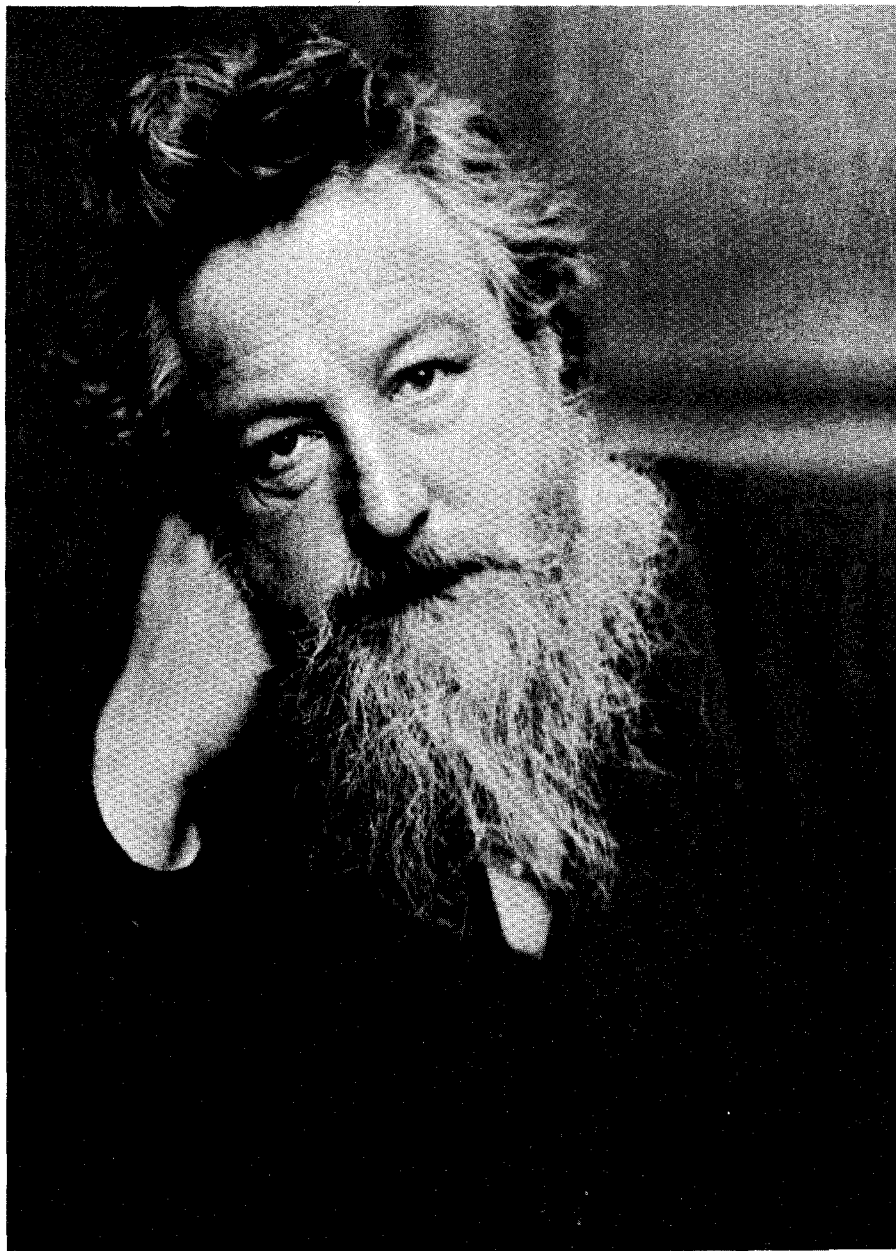
*Nowhere* is "about" an imaginary boat trip to the upper Thames valley where the manor may still be visited if one is touring the Cotswolds.

The reader who knows that in fact the boat trip is merely the culminating episode of a utopian romance set far in the future in the idyllic, egalitarian England that had slowly emerged from a Socialist revolution will probably dismiss the *Guide's* description as travel-brochure vacuity. When, however, he visits the house for which Morris said he felt a "not unreasonable love," he is likely to find that such vacuity—or something worse—is not limited to travel writing. Morris, the visitor to the manor will be told, really wanted people to enjoy making things and growing food, "whether you want to call it socialism or not." He can overhear other visitors compare their own Morris wallpapers to those at the manor. And he will be expected to titter along with the other guests at the lame, genteel prurience of jokes about the triangular relationship between Morris, his wife Jane, and Rossetti.

Even before the first edition of *William Morris, Romantic to Revolutionary* appeared in 1955, E.P. Thompson described similar instances of the reappropriation of Morris by the kind of society Morris came to despise, as the "murder of William Morris." Thompson's immense study was intended at least in part to rescue Morris from those who wished to murder him by ignoring Morris's socialism or by dismissing it as an unfortunate and uncharacteristic aberration of a man of 50 whose real work in poetry and design was largely behind him.

For some 900 pages Thompson argued then that the socialism of William Morris was in fact the culmination of his life as a man, a writer, and an artist-craftsman, the end of an unbroken trajectory from subjective romanticism to socialism. The first edition of Thompson's book was, however, dismissed as the work of a doctrinaire Marxist or a splenetic, ill-tempered diatribe and it quickly dropped, as Thompson tells us, into an "academic silence."

In the more than 20 years that have passed Morris has seldom been out of danger. It is still possible to hear in academic circles that Morris had a "political phase" which happily ended when he returned to his true destiny by setting up the Kelmscott Press. In what was until now the most widely-available biography of Morris, Philip



William Morris

Henderson glides swiftly over Morris's Socialist writings and activities, contending on the one hand that it would be an insult to believe that a man of Morris's intelligence meant us to take *News From Nowhere* seriously, and on the other, that the nature of Soviet society indicates plainly enough what we must expect from the sort of socialist revolution Morris described.

Fortunately Thompson's study has now reappeared in a new form. The revision benefits from the last 20 years of work on Morris and on British socialism in general, but the book's argument remains unchanged—and convincing. Thompson has also appended a lengthy "Postscript." This fascinating essay consists of an intense critical scrutiny of significant recent studies on Morris and a remarkable

series of ruthlessly honest autobiographical observations. Although Thompson insists that the revision was simply a matter of cutting out his "own callow fat," his description of those passages as youthful, self-indulgent digressions, "moralist comments and pat political sentiments," or even more scathing as "hectoring political moralisms" and "Stalinist pieties" allows us to believe that the task involved more than routine editorial toil.

In any event the result, as Thompson himself concludes, is not only a "shorter, but a better book." It is still a vast book of some 800 pages, but it happily retains a vigor and passion no less compelling than that of its predecessor. Its publication will make it rather more difficult for anyone to claim that we can divide Morris's life

and work into the discrete phases of Morris as poet-upholsterer-designer and Morris as socialist.

As Thompson conclusively demonstrates, even before Morris formally espoused socialism he had arrived at conclusions concerning the relationships between work, art and society that made his revolt against capitalist industrialism all but inevitable. In fact, anyone who with Thompson follows Morris from his early discovery of the beauty of gothic architecture to his largely successful attempt to reestablish in his own work the sundered bond between labor and art must be struck by the organic continuity of Morris's thought and by the ineluctability of its development toward socialism.

The development strikes us as ineluctable, however, only because we know what a remarkable man Morris was. As the history of 19th century social thought suggests, a reverence for gothic art and a nostalgia for the social contexts in which it was supposed to have flourished did not necessarily lead to anything but criticism of factories, Victorian buildings, commercialism, and middle-class philistinism. Even when, as in Ruskin's case, such criticism was profound and valuable, it was usually unable to work its way through to even a theoretical social alternative and often enough ended in self-indulgent escapist estheticism.

In Morris's case we sense that he was not so much converted to the alternative of socialism but impelled toward it by his own needs and values. And these did not originate in esthetic or social philosophy. Rather they emerged from Morris's lived experience as an artist and from a sense of human brotherhood so essentially a part of his personality that one is tempted to call it instinctive.

It is clear enough that Morris's well-known precept, "Art is Man's experience of joy in labour," was embodied in his own life and work. It may be argued of course that Morris was an artist of stature and a man endowed with a strength of character and inner resources unavailable to most of us. Morris himself implicitly denied this. He believed, in fact, that he was exceptional only in one respect: the accident of inherited wealth gave him the freedom to express his joy in labor. For the rest, nothing in his own experience was beyond the reach of the mass of humanity.

Even the deep moral revulsion at

extremes of wealth and poverty which drove Morris to rebel against capitalism drew most of its strength from his unwillingness, his inability, to separate himself from his fellows: "In looking into matters social and political," he wrote, "I have but one rule, that in thinking of the body of men I shall ask myself, How could you bear it yourself? . . . Had I not been born rich . . . I should have found my positions unendurable. . . . Nothing can argue me out of this feeling, which I say plainly is a matter of religion to me: the contrasts of rich and poor are unendurable and ought not to be endured by either the rich or poor."

This revulsion never left Morris, and his egalitarian anger only deepened. In itself, however, it provided a basis only for revolt. For his vision of how we might live Morris returned again and again to his own experience. "The question of popular art," Morris replied to a hostile critic, "was a social question involving the happiness and misery of the greater part of the community," and he did not know "what business we have with art at all unless all can share it. . . ." That all could share it he had not the least doubt: "I could never forget that in spite of all drawbacks my work is little more than pleasure to me; that under no conceivable conditions would I give up even if I could. Over and over have I asked myself why should not my lot be the common lot."

Later, Morris developed this question into his famous claim, a claim which summarizes his indictment of capitalism and lays down the founding principles of a new society: "I have looked at this claim by the light of

history and my own conscience and it seems to me . . . a most just claim, and that resistance to it means nothing short of the denial of the hope of civilization. This then is the claim: *It is right and necessary that all men should have work to do which shall be worth doing, and be of itself pleasant to do; and which should be done under such conditions as would make it neither over-wearisome nor over-anxious.* Turn that claim about as I may . . . I cannot find that it is an exorbitant claim; yet . . . if Society would or could admit it, the face of the world would be changed."

In the final pages of his "Postscript" Thompson argues that "we have to make up our minds about William Morris. Either he was an eccentric, isolated figure, personally admirable but whose major thought was wrong or irrelevant and long left behind by events." Or "it may be that Morris was a major intellectual figure, . . . our greatest diagnostician of alienation" who "remains a contemporary figure."

For his part Thompson declines—as an historian—to choose for us, but reserves his right to speak in the future in his "character . . . as Socialist." Socialists or not, those of us who are still unwilling utterly to abandon the claim which Morris made of his own society and would make no less urgently of ours must make up our own minds. The reappearance of *William Morris, Romantic to Revolutionary* at least makes an intelligent choice possible.

**Richard Bienvenu**

Richard Bienvenu teaches history at the University of Missouri, Columbia.

---

## Hermit of Peking by Hugh Trevor-Roper

(Knopf; \$10)

If all was well with the world—which in spite of Browning's declamatory assurance I am not sure is true—this book would be the, not run-away, but walk-away bestseller of the year. I have never used the word about any other new book in my life, but I regard this as a masterpiece: a piece of work done by a

master; not a work of genius, around which we must hand laurels, simply a masterpiece.

Through a series of accidents, which Professor Trevor-Roper describes when necessary, he became interested in the life of an odd Englishman who spent an even more odd life in Peking

from the end of the last century until he died in the 1940s. Both Trevor-Roper and his publishers invite the comparison with J. A. Symonds's extraordinary work of "detective-scholarship," *The Quest for Corvo*. As I read this book, I went back to Corvo, to that immeasurably gifted and haunting search into a past man's life, and there is no doubt about it: Sir Hugh Trevor-Roper has repeated what one thought was unrepeatable. There are moments when one gets very near to terror in reading his account of Sir Edmund Backhouse; cold sweats begin. But he in the end writes, as did Symonds of Corvo, with the kind of affection that is born of truth. This is fundamentally an account of human oddity—frailty—placed for us by a great historian in its historical setting.

Before we get to Backhouse, let us say something about Trevor-Roper. We have all, in our day, had our laugh at him. I enjoyed the fact that Harold Macmillan, since the appointment is in the gift of the Prime Minister, made him Regius Professor at Oxford, for Sir Hugh then predictably returned the compliment, by sedulously organizing the campaign that made Harold Macmillan the Chancellor of Oxford University. Straight down the line; good old Tory stuff; patronage given and patronage returned; while A.J.P. Taylor bit his fingernails in resentment at Magdalen, and J. H. Plumb sighed in Cambridge.

I do not think that Trevor-Roper would deny that he is a vain man; but his vanity is not a putdown of anyone else, except possibly other historians like A. J. P. Taylor and J. H. Plumb, but solely an elevation of himself. "Alas and alack!," he seems to say, "how could I not be vain, with all these attributes?," and attributes are what he has. It is important to say these things, because this wonderful book has Trevor-Roper in it as much as the extraordinary man he explores and describes.

Like all great historians, he is a formidable polemicist. With the exception of Pieter Geyl, that great Dutch historian, he more than anyone moved to destroy the pathetically commonplace but seductive views of Arnold Toynbee in his *Study of History*. Geyl's was in a way the more monumental piece of debunking, but Trevor-Roper went about it with a spirit that is entirely English at its best, taking off Toynbee's shoes, and then his tie, and then his shirt, and then his trousers, and saying: "Look at the nakedness; it's

his, not my doing. It's he who said that he was an emperor."

All of this spirit, all of this verve, is brought to this astonishing subject, this English baronet in Peking. I am not going to spoil the story by recounting it, or dampen it with too much solemnity. Let it suffice to say that Sir Edmund Backhouse wrote what was for many years regarded as an authoritative work on China under the Empress Dowager—I have the 1937 edition on my shelves—and that the whole thing was a fraud, as all his life was an extravagant fraud. How Trevor-Roper fell into the subject—a document handed to him in an airport in Switzerland—how he then became engrossed in the subject, and how he has then pursued it, is a part of his tale, of his telling of it, just as Symonds in *The Quest for Corvo* allows us to see how a dead man can grow to be alive if one pursues him honestly.

There are at least five levels of seriousness on which this book should and will be taken. The Sinologists are already at war about it; and there is one side of it to which I could add a threadbare patch, the position of *The Times* of London in its heyday, the fag end of which I knew. J. D. P. Bland of *The Times*, and the unutterable Morrison, assumed the titles of viceroyalty, and they were not denied. There is an equivalent American version of this, in Herbert Croly's life of Willard Straight, the founder of *The New Republic*: Straight was like some demi-god entrepreneur in China.

But the ultimate level of seriousness of this book—why, although it is simply the grandest reading for a long time, it will also haunt one forever—is that Sir Hugh Trevor-Roper has done what few historians have the chance or the readiness to do. Very little of the past is recoverable; we hand on a few documents, a few diaries, a few church or civil records. But suddenly a literary genius like Symonds or a historian like Trevor-Roper gets the sense that here is a man recoverable from the past.

Symonds placed Corvo in history, Trevor-Roper has similarly placed Backhouse. To recover the past like that is unusual, and it surely is one of the historian's true tasks. There are many ways of doing it, whether it is W. H. Round entering into huge polemical battles about the nature of feudalism, or Marc Bloch making an informed but still imaginative leap into the character of feudalism, or the great polemical historians, Gibbon or Macaulay, fantastically using their own contemporary vision to illuminate the past; but this book is one of the rare ways. A great historian, in spite of all our laughs at him that he had not written a mull of a book since his young man's life of Archbishop Laud, has placed this little-regarded fraud in history; and as a result our history looks more intelligible. To take a man out of the past and place him in history is a rare achievement, here wonderfully accomplished.

Henry Fairlie

---

## Androgyne, Mon Amour by Tennessee Williams

(New Directions; \$8.50)

"I began writing verse at about the time of puberty," Tennessee Williams wrote in "Preface to My Poems—Frisivolous Version" (in tone and substance it differed little from the "Serious Version" that followed it), his introduction to "The Summer Belvedere" in *Five Young American Poets* (1944), the third in that admirable series with which New Directions introduced young poets (Berryman, Jarrell, Shapiro, Garrigue) in the 1940s. In *Memoirs* (1975), after a doggerel couplet on the implacability of time, Williams commented, "From the above you can see why I never made

much of a mark for myself as a poet." As another poet-playwright once said, "Between the conception/And the creation/Between the emotion/And the response/Falls the Shadow." The characteristic note of self-deprecation in the two Williams quotations is the proper one for his career as a poet. From the young man wandering around the country, his Hart Crane in his pocket, to the aging celebrity, conjuring Chekhov in San Francisco and Key West, Williams has been writing poems which persist in sounding like literary exercises, enlivened occasionally by a

sudden, startling line or an impressive central image, too often ambushed between conception and creation.

William's verse, like his fiction, has always been peripheral to his main work as an artist, his plays, and this is nowhere more obvious than in the making of *Androgyne, Mon Amour*. If Williams were not very much alive—about to burst on Broadway with *Vieux Carré*—the new volume might be considered a posthumous collection. It has that look about it—as though someone had said, let's see if we can find enough uncollected early stuff to go with the recent Williams poems and maybe we'll come up with a book. In 1956, when Williams put together his first poetry collection, *In the Winter of Cities*, he used most of the poems from "The Summer Belvedere." Now, *Androgyne, Mon Amour* has picked up all the discards except the Blake-sounding "Morgenlied," which someone may be saving for the next collection. Most of the "Belvedere" pieces in *Androgyne* are of minimal interest. "Dark Arm, Hanging over the Edge of Infinity" is an exception, less for itself than for what has happened to it. Williams, whose plays can testify to his fondness for revision, took the central section of "Dark Arm," mixed it with lines from "The Marvelous Children" and fashioned the first poem in *Cities*, "In Jack-O'-Lantern's Weather." Now, the other two sections of "Dark Arm" are printed alone, a simple poem full of double entendre in which the speaker's black lover falls asleep in mid-manipulation but awakens to fill the heavens with "the sound of shattering glass!" (vs. Stanley's "colored lights"). The missing section never really belonged in the poem, an object lesson to precariously set stanzas and lines elsewhere in Williams's work.

Aside from the "Belvedere" borrowings, *Androgyne* picks up other poems from the 1940s, some of which—"The Harp of Wales" and "A Liturgy of Rofes"—might better have been left in bound volumes of *Prairie Schooner* and *Chicago Review*. The poems, then, date from 1941 ("Dark Arm") to 1976 (the title poem); the new and the old lie side-by-side in the volume, with no recognizable chronological, thematic or stylistic connection. There are autobiographical elements in some of the poems—people and events familiar to anyone who has read *Memoirs*; in that volume, for instance, Williams talks about the distress that went into "Tangier: The Speechless Summer."

Many of the later poems touch on or deal directly with the death of Frank Merlo, the man Williams seems to have loved most deeply, but even these lack a clear poetic voice. In "His Manner of Returning," in which the poet, at one remove, imagines Merlo back in his Key West garden, the choice of the second person is presumably a device meant to heighten the tension between the trivial, the formal and the anguish and guilt they cover; instead it is a device that looks like a device, that pushes the reader away from what is, after all, one of the more effective poems in the volume.

In discussing voice in relation to a poem like "His Manner," I may seem to be suggesting that I want to hear the poet's own voice, unencumbered by distance or art. That is not the case. It is simply that Williams, as a playwright, has a remarkable ear, an ability to create a character out of verbal nuance (think of Maggie's opening soliloquy in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, Alexandra's swimming into consciousness in *Sweet Bird of Youth*). No exact equivalent can be expected outside a dramatic monologue, but surely every successful poem cuts its own verbal shape on the air. Williams works a variety of genres—lyric, narrative, ruminative,

doggerel ballad—but in none of them do the outlines hold. In "The Lady with No One at All," for instance, he presents a woman who goes boating with an invisible lover, a sister to the early Williams heroines, but lines like, "It is an hour when desolation is most inclined to assail her," weigh the lady down with a tendency to overexplain and a languor that is not her own. The poetic voice is never sure whether it is simply observing, archly ironic or sentimentally sympathetic.

The poems have a heavy burden of infelicity ("what are your fingers dangling emptily towards?"), an extra ration of favorite words (*apparition* wins hands down), a tongue-tripping dedication to adverbs fenced off by commas. They have a penchant for cliché ("unremembered, sheltering dreams of a mother") and significance through reiteration ("the magisterial tick of a watch, of many, so many watches"), as these two lines from "Young Men Waking at Daybreak" indicate. Williams can come up with an interesting image—the beggar as giver in "A Mendicant Order," the outstretched hand offering, not asking—and then talk it to death. Some of the later poems—the "Fear is a monster . . ." verse from *The Two-Character Play* and



Tennessee Williams by David Schorr

"Turning Out the Bedside Lamp"—have the advantage of briefness (neither of them go astray tonally or thematically), but their subjects—that fear takes many forms, that death is both frightening and attractive—are so conventional that something more surprising than journeyman work is needed to give them new force.

Most of the Williams themes can be found in *Androgyne*, *Mon Amour*—his

familiar approaches to sex, love, time, death, loss—but only the hungriest Williams fan is likely to find sustenance in the volume.

## Gerald Weales

Gerald Weales is the author of *Tennessee Williams*, one of the University of Minnesota Pamphlets on American Writers, and a professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania.

## Henry's Fate and Other Poems, 1967-72

by John Berryman

edited by John Haffenden

(Farrar, Straus, and Giroux; \$7.95)

*The Dream Songs*, which first appeared as 77 *Dream Songs* (1964) and *His Toy, His Dream, His Rest* (1968), gave John Berryman the fame and recognition he had long wanted and distrusted. Although celebrated as Berryman's finest achievement and a major contemporary work, the sequence poses a number of interpretive hazards. Tumultuous, seemingly "confessional," laced with private and public triumphs, griefs and exploits, the story of Henry—a.k.a. "Pussycat" and "Mr. Bones"—seems to offer the reader only one clear statement of purpose:

*These Songs are not meant to be  
understood, you understand.  
They are only meant to terrify  
& comfort.*

The original sequence of 385 Songs is fraught with the same kind of enticing paradox, suggested by their name. What they give us is Henry's dream autobiography, a chart of mental life which is at the same time musical, expressed in its own carefully patterned and modulated form.

Berryman's achievement in *The Dream Songs* is unique and deceptive. One of the few contemporary poets to create a successful and sustained long poem, he is also one of the few to use—with deceiving ease—a highly structured verse pattern which is generally rhymed and iambic. "Ease" is perhaps misleading: Berryman's syntax is frequently but deliberately tortured, sometimes sounding a borrowed note from Hopkins, more often revealing the torture of his subject and obscuring the artfulness of his construction. Although Berryman is often cited as a

"confessional" poet, his real triumph is in the creation of a voice which risks sounding like the poet's own. In *The Dream Songs* that voice is very rarely a naked stand-in for Berryman, but more often engaged in a series of dialogues with inside and outside witnesses to the self, one of whom appears in the form of an unnamed friend who calls Henry "Mr. Bones." These augmented soliloquies can be amplified by a variety of verbal postures and disguises, ranging from drunken slur to black-face to baby-talk to literary.

Berryman regarded the two published volumes of *The Dream Songs* as a completed work which had taken Henry as far as he would go. But he continued to write Songs, partly out of habit, in the years between the completion of *His Toy, His Dream, His Rest* and his suicide in 1972. *Henry's Fate* gives us 45 of the several hundred Songs still unprinted from this period, as well as a selection of the equally large number of miscellaneous poems composed at the same time. According to John Haffenden's introduction, on several occasions Berryman acknowledged the possibility that these later Songs might be published posthumously, but left it to the reader to fit them in among the printed ones.

The task is tricky. Even Berryman acknowledged the "fiendish resemblance" between himself and Henry. But Henry was given powers under the poet's aegis which Berryman could not take. *His Toy, His Dream, His Rest* begins with a series of 14 Opus Posthumous poems, delivered by Henry from the grave—after which he emerges, orders a double rum, and tries

to contend with his wives, the insurance settlements, and the tax difficulties. If Henry's fate and Berryman's were ever presumed to be identical, the uncollected Songs refute that. Henry is able, unlike Berryman, to exorcise the demon attractions of a father's and friends' suicides. This theme, worked so movingly in *The Dream Songs*, is treated again in *Henry's Fate* with a grim death-defying assurance. The story of a suicidal protegee whose desperate letter arrives in the same mail as news of her death—"saving his answering"—opens a kind of meditation:

*Some meeting of the minds can we  
imagine  
once she is used to it? I'm used to it,  
day by distracting day.  
I expect her welcome when I follow her  
to God's sad afterthought, Catholics  
both  
but Henry won't take that way.*

The religious poems, to which Berryman turned (or returned) increasingly toward the end of his life, do not sacrifice any of the wide range of tones available to him in his more secular stances. Many draw on the same wry sense of his art and its powers and limitations:

*Great flaming God, bend to my troubles,  
dear.  
I am asked to give up a way of life  
established 22 years ago,  
and by my dear wife, in anxiety & fear.  
My greatest efforts may not be enough.  
My thought ceases to flow*

*forward to drinks & cigarettes & such  
and sticks in the now. Where I must be  
for years, for years, for years.*

*I am not myself, it suddenly appears,  
but horrible habits, habits, habits, much  
like those we ghastly see*

*in tragic drama—but the hero dies.  
Henry survives his holocaust. Walk on!  
with your retching cough  
& burning tongue & your sobrieties  
in the Fifth Act, to bid the soldiers moan  
and shoot. Applause sounds, off.*

The poem is both subtle and audacious, moving between tragedy and bathos. From the first line the poem teases us, beginning with a prayer which gives rise to a confession, both prelude to triumphant self-mockery. The allusion to Shakespeare, particularly *King Lear*, remains moving even as its dignity is rejected as inappropriate: "We are not ourselves/When nature, being op-

press'd, commands the mind/To suffer with the body." Berryman knew first hand, as a poet and as a Shakespearean scholar, the tragic alienation from oneself, one's family and friends evoked by *Lear*. But he could also insist, perhaps regretfully, that Henry's drama was not really tragic.

*Henry's Fate* raises many of the familiar questions of artistic intention and self-protection presented by posthumous publications. These questions are exacerbated by the style of Berryman's poetry, which at its most successful tends to obscure its own artfulness. It is important—and possible—to distinguish between the poetry which seems artless and that which is simply not finished. But many of these poems, particularly the Songs, are as fine and moving as any Berryman wrote. The poems which do not have Henry and his established story as backdrop and structure generally work less well, not because they are careless-

ly crafted, but because they are so naked. The "Proemio" to what was to have been Berryman's third epic, "The Children," (the first his remarkable "Homage to Mistress Bradstreet") begins, "So screw you, Muses," but seems doomed, vacillating between the lewd and literary. The volume's other draft versions and fragments include a considerably changed and expanded version of "Washington in Love," first printed in *Delusions, Etc.*, which shows some of Berryman's extraordinary capacity for empathetic—and historical—ventriloquism.

Some of the other poems in this book are disappointing, but they show the power of Berryman's art, which is almost always distinguishable from the rumbling of his subconscious.

### Cathrael Kazin

Cathrael Kazin is a graduate student in English at Cornell.

## By Force of Will: The Life and Art of Ernest Hemingway by Scott Donaldson

(Viking; \$13.95)

"Madame," Ernest Hemingway responds to the *Old lady* who questions him in *Death in the Afternoon*, "it is always a mistake to know an author." And yet, as much as any American author ever has, he wittingly drew attention to himself by striving to create a public image that jibed with the heroic characters in his fiction. He succeeded in attracting our attention, if not finally, in convincing us that he was like his heroes; hence when we read his works we cannot avoid imposing on them our impressions of their author. But that is at least partly a mistake, because fiction is fiction, not biography; and when we read *The Sun Also Rises* or *A Farewell to Arms* and permit ourselves to think that Jake Barnes and Frederic Henry are Hemingway, we ignore a lot about the novels. "The most pernicious danger of Hemingway's celebrity is the overpowering temptation to assess the writing in terms of the writer's life and legend," declares Scott Donaldson in his fine study of Hemingway, *By Force of Will*. What the critic Earl Rovit said about the novelist is true: "in the case of no other serious

writer except Mark Twain and Walt Whitman [has] the writer's personality become such an intrusive and confusing factor in the judgment and reception of his works." We need always to remember that writers invoke characters, places and history to create worlds where their imagined personae experience events meant to convey the writers' conception of what actual life is about.

Hemingway sometimes yearned to be his created characters—Frederic Henry swept into the arms of the beautiful nurse, Catherine Barkley; or Jake Barnes at the conclusion of *The Sun Also Rises* standing alone and hardened, apart from a sentimental Robert Cohen or from a decadent Lady Brett Ashley—but he was not. We understand his fiction best when we comprehend that—for all its seeming proximity to fact—it is a transformation of his experiences into a statement about the human condition. His novels and short stories tell us a good deal about the pain of life and death, about courage, honor and cowardice, and about man's need to discover some sort of community, even

if it be only a community of two people. To appreciate the fiction we do not have to know a lot about Hemingway the man; sometimes it might be better if we did not.

And yet the man continues to fascinate us—plague us, one might say—with his powerful, complex personality. A realist, a dreamer, a charmer, a generous friend, a liar, an s.o.b. of the first order, all that we now know about him lurks behind every attempt to appreciate his fiction. The same man who could be a delightful companion would, when questioned about his political views in the 1930s, denigrate the left-leaning Theodore Dreiser, John Dos Passos and Edmund Wilson as "little punks who have never seen even street fighting let alone a revolution." Implicit in that remark was Hemingway's desire that he be known as tough, courageous and expert about war and politics. Never mind that Dreiser, not he, had grown up in poverty and knew firsthand as a reporter about the conditions of laborers who toiled in Andrew Carnegie's steel mills in Pittsburgh at the end of the 19th century. Never mind, too, that Dos Passos and Wilson

## Truth and Tragedy

### A Tribute to Hans J. Morgenthau

Edited by Kenneth Thompson and Robert J. Myers, with the assistance of Robert Osgood and Tang Tsou

### Special Limited Edition

In this handsome festschrift volume, internationally famous writers and theorists honor their erudite teacher, Hans J. Morgenthau—one of the great political scientists of the century.

Clothbound 332 pages \$20.00



New Republic Books  
1220 19th Street, NW  
Washington, DC 20036

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ copy(ies) of **Truth and Tragedy** @ \$20.00 each. I enclose check or money order for \$ \_\_\_\_\_ payable to New Republic Books. (Include appropriate sales tax.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

had both driven ambulances during World War I and had experienced more action than he, or that they, along with Dreiser, were far more politically active during the 1930s. This was the same man who as a youth was too awkward to play on his high school baseball team and who could only get into two football games as a substitute guard his senior year, yet insisted years later that he had been a star hitter and pitcher in high school, as well as an outstanding football player at the more glamorous position of tackle. And, as we well know, he gratefully accepted the help of writers like Sherwood Anderson, Gertrude Stein, Scott Fitzgerald, Dos Passos, and numerous others, but eventually turned on each of them, sneering at what he considered their frailties and sometimes telling outright lies about his relationships with them.

Scott Donaldson understands all this about Hemingway, and one of the several virtues of *By Force of Will* is that he refrains from condemning the author for failing to be everything he yearned to be. Donaldson recognizes that, as Archibald MacLeish told Carlos Baker, Hemingway "was a wonderful, irreplaceable, but an impossible friend; a man you couldn't get along with, a man you couldn't get along without." Donaldson recounts the telling anecdote of Hadley Mowrer, Hemingway's first wife, who remembered that she once jestingly remarked to him that she thought he would enjoy being a king. Utterly serious, Hemingway answered that he would, and her reaction was to get the curious feeling that she was "sleeping with Napoleon Bonaparte." "Her observation struck exactly the right note," Donaldson observes, "for it was a Napoleon, a king not by birth but achievement, a master among men possessed of surpassing knowledge and skill, that Hemingway in his intense ambition was forever striving to become." As a writer if not as anything else, for all his faults, he came closer than most to becoming such a master.

Donaldson's purpose in this study is "to discover and record what Ernest

Hemingway thought on a variety of subjects, including love and money, religion and politics, sports and war, and then, from these disparate fragments, to construct a mosaic of his mind and personality." Fame, mastery, sex, friendship, art and death complete the list of subjects. He has done a thorough, admirable job, drawing extensively from fiction, nonfiction, interviews, letters—some only recently available—and from the papers Carlos Baker collected for his detailed biography of Hemingway. *By Force of Will* is an intellectual biography of sorts; it is a lively study which leaves one satisfied that he understands better than before this writer, full of paradoxes—"a complicated man, with a difficult, a quirky, and frequently a contradictory mind," as Malcolm Cowley described him. Unavoidably, the end result of the book is to weld the image of Hemingway more firmly than ever to his fiction, even though Donald-

son makes clear that his intention was to give us a portrait of the writer, not to explicate the fiction in terms of the man.

Hemingway, one suspects, would have been ambivalent about this result. The stern artist in him would have disapproved; the less admirable side of him which never understood all that he was would have savored the attention, while ranting against the less-than-pleasant details that Donaldson discusses frankly and, it seems, fairly. Whether we like it or not, Hemingway hulks in the shadows behind his writing, a complex man whose personality threatens to overwhelm his books. To his credit as a writer, it cannot.

**Townsend Ludington**

*Townsend Ludington* is professor of English at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

## The Back of the Book

### The Beaver at the Door

My wife's voice quavered with rage and fear as she read me the account of Agnes Buckley's "accident."

Around 9:30 am on Tuesday, May 3, Mrs. Buckley, 83, heard dogs barking outside her farmhouse in Pisgah, Maryland. She picked up her .22 rifle loaded with blanks and found the dogs cornering a beaver of approximately 25 pounds. Concerned for her poodle, Mrs. Buckley fired a shot in the air, at which the beaver jumped Mrs. Buckley, dragged her into a roadside ditch, and bit her 11 times on the right leg, five times on the left, and once on the right thumb, before Carol Bramum of Marbury rushed to the rescue.

Accident my foot, said my wife. I'll bet the little creep tried to rape her.

There have been a lot of nasty stories about animals lately, and this beaver business is not the worst. I'm not just thinking of the beaver in the story. While Mrs. Buckley was risking limbs to save her dog, where was the "loyal" poodle? Beavers are tough, particularly

25 pounders, but a dog can down a beaver—unless, of course, he hasn't a mind to, unless he's worked something out with the beaver beforehand. Let me be clear. I'm suggesting that the poodle fingered its owner (the name Buckley would be easy for a beaver to remember), and that this is a small part in a larger pattern of collusions which has caused decent people like my wife to stay awake nights and carry a Luger.

If I'm right, this would hardly be the first time one animal conspired with another against our phylum. On October 8, 1961 the *Baltimore Sun* reported that as a hunter was taking aim at a squirrel, his dog (ironically a pointer) suddenly went for his master in order to warn the squirrel, who got away. An isolated incident? Perhaps. But on April 29, 1976 the *Sun* ran a piece entitled "White Squirrels Pose a Mystery in Shore Town." The "mystery" was why the squirrels in Queenstown, Md. were biting the residents.

"The Seige of Graceham," as the

#### AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

Leading book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. For complete information, send for booklet NR-1. It's free. Vantage Press, 516 West 34 St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

papers called it, involved no known conspiracy, but was plenty terrifying nevertheless. This was in March 1974, when thousands, maybe millions of birds blackened the skies of another Maryland town, invaded the place, and stayed for weeks. Every year there are stories of bears jumping Winnebagos, crazed Pomeranians, on-rushing moose, shark scares in Coney Island, and those killer bees which have been on their way here from Brazil since 1965. In 1967 a pack of hoodlum dogs roved about the Franklin Park Zoo in Boston, scaring everyone half to death, including some deer. Two weeks ago there was an item on mice who infest the House of Representatives.

While these things go on and on, H.R.H. the Prince of Denmark, Miss Liv Ullmann, Mr. Jason Robards, something called The Monitor Coalition, and Mlle. Brigitte Bardot enlisted the help of Mstislav Rostropovich to perform a benefit concert in the Kennedy Center (March 28, 1977) for "endangered animals." The Monitor Coalition is a conglomerate of 23 "conservation, environmental and humane" organizations that includes the Committee for the Preservation of Tule Elk, Friends of the Sea Otter, Porpoise News, Save the Dolphins, and Defenders of Wildlife. Needless to add, "wildlife" includes beavers. I wonder how Mrs. Buckley would have enjoyed the concert.

I know I sound bitter, and Bardot and Rostropovich mean well, I'm sure; but to me this benefit was just another case of fuzzy liberals pulling the wool over their own eyes. Tradition has it that animals are our friends, but the animals never said so. The beaver never said so. In fact since most of North America was explored as a result of quests for beaver hats, it's more likely that the beaver said the reverse. This whole idea of assumed friendship among the species belongs to people like Swift, Tolstoy, E.B. White and Disney. No horse or dog in history has expressed himself on the matter.

On the other hand Shakespeare expressed himself quite clearly when he foreshadowed the assassination of Caesar with Casca, breathless, telling Cicero, "Against the Capitol I met a lion." This, like the phrase "going to the dogs" or "the wolf is at the door," is a fearful line because it reminds the audience how close man always is to the jungle. Richard Hughes wrote *The Fox in the Attic* to describe Hitler's rise. Ludvik Vaculik, the Czech novelist, wrote *The Guinea Pigs* about man and rodent in

mutual torment. T.S. Eliot in the Stetson passage of "The Waste Land" warned: "Keep the dog far hence," knowing full well that the dog was getting less hence every day.

Time was when a beaver wouldn't dare to bare his teeth to a lady, much less drag her into a ditch. We in turn were kinder to animals as well, always portraying them in the best of lights. Jim Harmon in *The Great Radio Years* (Ace Books, 1967) remembers Yukon King, so intelligent a dog that he shared top billing with Sergeant Preston, a person:

Preston: I'm going to have to ride to the fort for help . . .

King: Grrr-bow-wow-wow! Rruff!

Preston: Yes, King—what is it, boy?

King: Bow-wow-wow!

Preston: He's trying to tell me something . . . yes, King?

King: Rruff! Bow-wow! Rruff!

Preston: He's saying . . . he should go in my place. I should stay here. You're right, King!

Some animals were given authority over people, like Smokey, Daisy of *Blondie*, Francis the Talking Mule, and Mister Ed. Others were so docile, they belonged to animals themselves, as Pluto belonged to Mickey.

But the worm has turned. And clearly, do-gooders aside, most people sense the danger. You can tell by monster movies that used to portray dangerous animals as biological aberrants (*Them*, *Rodan*, *The Fly*, *Godzilla*—if that was an animal) now showing "normal" animals (*Ben*, *The Birds*, *The Day of the Dolphin*, *The Night of the Lepus*) as no less of a threat. If Hollywood has been following the news in Pisgah, next fall should see the opening of *Gnaus*.

Sooner than that it may be all out war, however, and if it is, Mrs. Buckley's beaver will be akin to the man who shot Archduke Ferdinand. Until such time, I would hope that everyone pay a little less attention to the reds and a little more to the animals, of whom there are somewhat more, particularly to those apparently incidental items involving man and his "friends."

On May 6, for example, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Jr., 62, arrived on horseback for his wedding at the Clove Crook Farm in Poughquag, NY. His bride, Patricia Oakes, 27, rode up in a horse-drawn carriage. After the ceremony the couple departed for their honeymoon on horseback. Neither has been seen or heard from since.

**Roger Rosenblatt**

TRB, (from page 2)

explained. "And I started to cry . . ." On a sudden impulse, he continues, he a Quaker, Kissinger a Jew, "knelt down in front of that table where Lincoln had signed the Lincoln . . . the Emancipation Proclamation: where I used to pray. And, then we got up. We were only there a minute. And, I . . .

(Frost) Did either of you speak?

(Nixon) . . . started to the door.

(Frost) Did either of you speak?

(Nixon) No. Not a word. That's not the Quaker fashion.

MUSIC INTO COMMERCIAL

COMMERCIAL # 6

MUSIC OUT OF COMMERCIAL

I originally thought Ford was helping the nation in giving his predecessor a pardon and saving the country the ignominy of a public trial. It might have lasted for years. Ford was trying to close the book on a hateful episode. It was an absolute pardon and included known and unknown crimes. He hailed Nixon for voluntarily resigning and making "one of the greatest personal sacrifices for the country and one of the finest personal decisions . . ." President Ford specifically invoked "the laws of God" in his compassion.

Ford's unspoken assumption was that Nixon would retire to San Clemente and accept his fate. But Nixon could no more spare Ford than he could his former Attorney General Mitchell, now refused Supreme Court review of his conviction and jail sentence. Instead of a Nixon trial in court we are getting a television trial with commercials. Writing of the Agnew affair, John Silber, president of Boston University, said ironically, "We are to be satisfied if a politician pays for his crime by removal from office and payment of a fine . . . If the fox will wipe the feathers from his mouth, the fox may leave the chicken house with immunity."

John Mitchell may reflect in jail that his former law partner, Richard Nixon, did not even wipe off the feathers. I confess sympathy for Haldeman, Ehrlichman and Mitchell. Mitchell never wanted to come to Washington. He gave up \$200,000 a year in legal fees. At his first press conference here in January 1969, I scribbled, "self-righteous, stern look." His wife cracked up. He is only the second cabinet officer jailed in history (Albert Fall was first.) He is the first attorney general. Nixon is probably sorry for him as he counts the cash.

MUSIC INTO COMMERCIAL

# THE NEW REPUBLIC CAMP & SCHOOL DIRECTORY

## Schools

### ANTIOCH-NEW ENGLAND MASTERS DEGREE PROGRAMS

- HUMAN SERVICES ADMINISTRATION
- ENVIRONMENTAL STUDIES
- EARLY CHILDHOOD / ELEMENTARY EDUCATION
- COUNSELOR EDUCATION (including specialties in Dance and Movement Therapy and Counseling Psychology)

Utilizing the Antioch work/study model, each student's individualized program includes an internship (present employment may be appropriate) combined with a rigorous academic program. Teacher certification available.

Antioch-New England is fully accredited.

For program information, contact:

**ANTIOCH-NEW ENGLAND**

Box N, 1 Elm Street

Keene, New Hampshire 03431

(603) 357-3122

## Camps

### ALTERNATIVE SUMMER CAMP

accepting ages 6-17

A different approach to traditional camping. Small, warm, humanistic environment. Self-directed, non-competitive, non-compulsory activities. Choose from a rich curriculum: crafts, art, music, drama, video, organic gardening, animals, pottery, photography, sports, swimming, riding, camping trips, concerts, academics, etc.

Coed • Interracial

Also Winter Boarding School

Bob McCormick, Director

OPEN COMMUNITY CAMP

Box 399R Claverack, N.Y. 12513

Tel: (518) 851-3311

## Foreign Studies

**MEET RUSSIANS FACE-TO-FACE** on 3-week nonpolitical non-profit exchange visits to the USSR. Open to qualified Americans, all ages, occupations. Departures June through December. Write-Wire-Phone Citizen Exchange Corps, Dept. NR, 101 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017 (212) 889-7960.

**LEARN SPANISH.** If you really want to learn Spanish quickly, fluently and correctly, and if you have the courage and stamina for intensive and disciplined study, come for at least one month to the Cuernavaca Language School of CIDOC. First month \$300. Following four weeks \$200. Private tutor available at \$350 for 50 hours. Details: Apdo. 480, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

# The Classifieds

## Personals

**PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, 40+**, seeks male friends interested in music, theatre, politics, law, dancing, outside sports. Washington, D.C. area. New Republic Box 8215.

**I'M O.K.—YOU'RE O.K.** and /or T.A. For Kids. Best Sellers now on cassette tapes. Only \$9.95 each. Guaranteed. Dynamics, Box 4147 NR, Foster City, California 94404.

**SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA** Businessman, single, 45, with 7-day workaholic schedule would like to hear from intelligent female slender non-smoker. New Republic Box 8210.

**PROFESSIONAL MAN (40)** seeks young attractive female interested in sports, arts, travel; educated, non-smoker; Nevada area. New Republic Box 8205.

**PETITE LAS VEGAS WIDOW** - interests: travel, reading, politics - wants to meet single man 50s - 60s. New Republic Box 8200.

### FATHER'S DAY PROBLEMS?

**"ESCHEW OBFUSCATION"** T-Shirt (S-M-L), \$4.95 (Air mail, add \$1.00). Letter seals, 200/\$2.50; 500/\$5; bumper-strips, 2/\$1; 6/\$2.75. The Wry Idea, Rye, New York 10580. Phone 914-967-8431.

**SOLAR ENERGY** Books and T-Shirts. Send SASE for list of books, or \$6.00 for T-Shirts (S-M-L). Solar Energy People, 5044 Fairgrounds Dr., Mariposa, California 95338.

**SELF-ACTUALIZING MALE** (33, 6 ft., 170 lbs., professional) seeks self-actualizing female for mutual sharing and caring, travel, culture. D.C. Area. New Republic Box 8220.

**WARM ATTRACTIVE CHICAGO** Jewish doll, tall, bright, fiftyish, seeks bright lively single man to befriend. New Republic Box 8195.

**A WASHINGTON SUMMER** - Air-conditioned room, board, \$75/wk in exchange for child-care (2 boys, 7 & 9). Kind, responsible, non-smoking student. Ref. req. Reply to Zich, 3717 Livingston St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20015 (include phone).

**BERTRAND RUSSELL SOCIETY** New. Information: Dept. N.R.-15, R.D. 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pennsylvania 18036.

**WHAT ABOUT FREDDY?** P.O. Box 6417, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19145.

**10X GOOSE DOWN CLOTHING & outdoorwear.** Free catalogue. Lebanon Sport Centre, Box TNR, Lebanon, Connecticut 06249.

**GET A COPY** of the information Uncle Sam maintains on you. Send \$6.50 for request forms and comprehensive search of the federal government. Full refund if there's nothing on you. Sunshine Search Service, Suite 203, 1302 18th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

### DECLARATION OF THE RIGHTS OF THE UNBORN

The humanity of the unborn should be recognized as the humanity of the born is recognized and with this recognition of the humanity of the unborn, so the natural right be secured. The first and foremost of these natural rights is the right to life. For the major difference between the born and unborn life is only the biological development—a process which continues throughout the lifetime of any human being. For from conception, the unborn have all the genetic material that allows the full development of a human body—all of which develops before birth. Since life is a natural, universal, and inalienable right, this should not be deprived of any human being because of their biological stage of development. Therefore, the unborn should not be deprived of this natural, universal, and inalienable right to life but should be secured this right in law; in this case and in this land, an Amendment to the Constitution, a Right to Life Amendment, for the unborn. Accordingly in social legislation the utmost should be done to assist women wed or unwed in bearing a child. Accordingly in education the utmost should be done to teach a reverence and value for unborn human life by the family and all social institutions.

**National Right to Life Committee**  
National Press Bldg., 529 14th St., N.W.  
Washington, D.C. 20045

**YOUNG MALE**, Professional, to meet beautiful, attentive female. 212-734-5875 collect.

**ATTORNEY, 45**, intense need for permanent relationship, enjoys outdoor activities, art, politics and literature, seeks sensitive educated female 28 to 45 who enjoys same and is looking for security. Photo appreciated. New Republic Box 8190.

**"CONVERSATION MADE EASY"** \$2.00. Self-improvement books (303) catalog 25c, Help For People, #37-NR, 200 West 72, New York, New York 10023.

### NIXON REMEMBERS FINAL CHAPTER IS NOW YOURS!

Nixon and Agnew Resignation Letters—authentic color reproductions with descriptive history—\$10.00. Nixon Pardon reproduction—\$5.00. Frameable. Unique keepsakes. McInerney & Willem, 5445 - 16th Avenue, Hyattsville, Maryland 20782.

### DOUBLE-DUTY ALERT

Double-Duty Alert is an electronic alarm that protects you against intrusion and fire. Wards off intruders and vandals with a penetrating siren type alarm that wails when the door is opened. Portable or permanent installation possible. Heat sensor triggers automatically when interior temperature reaches 135° F. Can remain activated without resetting for round the clock protection. Installs in minutes on any inward or outward opening door. With batteries, ready to operate. \$12.95 each ppd. Save 15% when ordering 2 or more at \$10.95 each. Loomer Enterprises, Dept. 1NR5, 3732 S.E. 2nd St., Ocala, Florida 32670.

PSYCHIC CAN bewitch (mesmerize) loved ones, others to your bidding. Write requests, donations appreciated. (503) 342-2210. Jamil, P.O. Box 10154, Eugene, Oregon 97401.

ZAPRUDER, NIX, MUCHMORE films. Kennedy assassination. Photographs, recordings, slides, literature. Collector's Archives; Box 114-R, Beaconsfield, Quebec.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets the cultured, single, widowed or divorced acquainted. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania 19081.

TECHNOCRACY - TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for one dollar from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, Ohio 44874.

ORIENTAL LADIES want to write you. Blossoms, Stehekin, Washington 98852.

DATES GALORE! Meet singles—anywhere. Call DATELINE, Toll-free (800) 451-3245.

When an American Indian child drops out of school, chances for success drop abysmally. Futures for Children is a non-profit organization working to help keep Native American children in school. For \$20 a month you can take part in a priceless endeavor, and get to know about a way of life here in America. Write for further information or begin a sponsorship today: Futures for Children, 4401 Montgomery, N.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87109. Or call, toll-free, (800) 545-6843.

## Peace Personals

WORLD CITIZENSHIP . . . "only the people of the world, everyone of us, can save the situation. The first simple but effective step we ask to take is to REGISTER AS A WORLD CITIZEN, as we have done." This is part of a plea made in 1965 by 13 Nobel Laureates, including Bertrand Russell, Lord Orr, and Linus Pauling. This call was sponsored by the International Registry of World citizens with headquarters in Paris and national centers in 23 countries. Today registered world citizens reside in 105 countries and work to build a world community with just and lasting peace through the framework of world law. For information and application write: World Citizens Registry, Box 27044, San Francisco, California 94127.

## Seminars/Meetings

Jean Piaget's Theories/HELPING PROFESSIONS/Moral Development; Conference; Monographs. Information: WPH600C, USC, Los Angeles 90007.

## T-Shirts

EVERYBODY WANTS ONE - (Except Maynard Jackson) - "Maynard's Word is Garbage" T-shirts. AFSCME green w/white letters. Your minimum \$5 contribution buys one T-shirt. All proceeds go to support low-paid striking Atlanta City workers in AFSCME Local 1644. Send contributions to: Garbage T-Shirt, Local 1644, 133 Luckie Street, Atlanta, Georgia 30303.

## Historical T-Shirts & Totes



virginia woolf

Virginia Woolf, Bach, Nietzsche, Amelia Earhart, Plato, Susan B. Anthony, George Sand, Freud, Marx, Oscar Wilde, Jane Austen, Dostoevsky, Mark Twain, Tolkein, Colette, Wittgenstein, Einstein, Emma Goldman, Bertrand Russell, Gustav Mahler, Gertrude Stein, Emily Dickinson, Mao T'se Tung.



NIETZSCHE

**T-SHIRTS** white cotton sm (34-36), med (38-40), lg (42-44) \$6.00ea 4/\$20.

**TOTE BAGS** (available only in italicized names) natural color, cotton 13"x17"x3" \$9.50ea 4/\$35.

prices postpaid - make checks payable to Historical T-Shirts & Totes

Box 55C Somerville, Mass. 02144

## Bumperstickers

**GUARANTEED LOWEST PRICES!** **BUTTONS, T-SHIRTS, BUMPERSTICKERS, BALLOONS** custom-made for your organization. CATALOG. Larry Fox, 38-N Emerson Place, Valley Stream, New York 11580 - CALL NOW! (516) 872-9522.

**BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS** Lowcost, custom made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for FREE Brochure. Price List and Samples. **REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC.** Dept. NR. 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114. Phone (314) 423-5495.

## Stationery

**DISCOUNT PRICED PRINTED** business/social stationery. Small orders welcome. Free samples. Jaxwrite Company, Wallingford, Vermont 05773.

## Health

"**CANCER PREVENTION**"—Exciting new theory—Startling American, German, Japanese medical research discoveries, \$1.95, "Vitamin C Can Badly Damage Your Health!" \$1.00, Health Reports, Suite 37-NR, 200 West 72 Street, New York, New York 10023.

## Parenting

**HELP ESTABLISH "THE WORLD'S NEWEST PROFESSION"** Inadequate training, rather than personal inadequateness, causes ineffective parenting. Write for materials to The Profession of Parenting Inst., 1609 Poplar St., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19130.

## Wallcoverings

**DISCOUNT WALLCOVERINGS - LIBERAL SAVINGS.** Strahan, Schumacher, Walltex, Sanitas. Any brand. Paper, vinyl, grasscloth, silks, designer handprints. Call with pattern number, rollage. Toll free 800-245-1768. Pennsylvania residents call collect (412) 471-6942. American Discount Wallcoverings.

## Literature

**ATTENTION BOOKIES!** (Lovers of books.) Nation's largest private library on history/politics/economics being liquidated at ridiculously low prices. Books sold individually. Catalog \$1.50 (refundable). Brakeman Enterprises, 2363 North Cedar, Holt, Michigan 48842.

**SUBSCRIBE TO The Journal of Mexican American History**, P.O. Box 13861 (UCSB), Santa Barbara, California 93107. Annual publication \$15.00. Honored by The American Historical Association.

**HOW TO WIN ELECTIONS:** read Rational Politics - an Idea Book for Amateur Politicians, \$2.95. Campaign Communications, Dept. 61, 121 Shadmore Drive, Rochester, New York 14626.

### SOUTHERN EXPOSURE

Investigative reporting, oral history, photography, culture and politics. "A quarterly magazine in the best of the populist tradition," Robert Coles. "Single best source on Southern people and Southern power," Julian Bond. Subscription: \$8. Sample: \$2.50.

**Southern Exposure**

**P.O. Box 230-M**

**Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27514**

**ORIGINAL AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS,** magazines 1800-1936. List, SASE. N-Joy Products, Box 1076 N.R., New Britain, Connecticut 06050.

**BACK ISSUE MAGAZINES.** Over 200 titles. 1890 to 1976. Send stamped envelope. Free list. Everybody's Bookshop, Dept. NR, 317 West 6th, Los Angeles, California 90014.

### GROWING CHILDREN

Readable introduction to child development for parents, teachers, professionals, by Drs. Lynn Dorman, Freda Rebelsky. \$4.45 postpaid. 666 Centre St., Box R, Newton, Massachusetts 02158.

**REAL SECRET OF JIMMY CARTER SENSATIONAL WIN.** Told by insiders. \$2.95 paperback, \$6.95 hardcover. Postpaid, Peanut Brigade, Box 237, Plains, Georgia 31780.

**SERIOUS, SCHOLARLY USED BOOKS.** Lists issued. SCHNEEMANN, 5710 S. Dorchester, Chicago, Illinois 60637.

**PEKING REVIEW**, for the latest information on China's views in international affairs, domestic policy, the "GANG OF FOUR," etc. Airmailed weekly from Peking. \$4.50 for 1-year subscription. China Books & Periodicals, Attn: NR, 2929 24th St., San Francisco, California 94110. Free catalog on request.

**READ THE GUARDIAN**—newsweekly gives MARXIST viewpoint on national and international news. Special 6-week trial sub. \$1.00. GUARDIAN, Dept. NR, 33 West 17th St., New York, New York 10011. (Full year \$17.)

"**UNUSUAL**" BOOKS. Catalog free. International Imports, Box 7798NR. Atlanta, Georgia 30357.

**FREE BOOK.** Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 72, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, New York 14619

## Out-of-Print Books

OUT OF PRINT BOOKS. Free international search without obligation. Bookfinders, Box 29604-N6, Atlanta, Georgia 30359.

## Literary Services

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors: publicity, advertising, promotion, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for free manuscript report and detailed booklet. Carlton Press, Dept. RZR, 84 Fifth Avenue, New York 10011.

BORROW ARCHAEOLOGY BOOKS for \$1.00 each (plus postage). Send \$5.00 for 600 title list covering all archaeological areas except North America to: Near Eastern Library, 26485 Carmel Rancho Blvd., Suite #2, Carmel, California 93923.

BIBLIOGRAPHIES - ANY TOPIC. Carefully prepared. Two-week delivery. \$10.00. Satisfaction assured. MIKEI, P.O. 8667, BWI Airport, Maryland 21240.

THE PLAINS DISTRIBUTION SERVICE, INC., a literary organization, offers an unusual opportunity to explore the flourishing non-commercial literary art of America's heartland. The Plains Booklist, a gallery for Midwestern small presses, introduces fifteen selections each quarter. Our magazine brochure offers eight fine Upper-Midwestern literary magazines. Both free upon request. P.O. Box 3112, Fargo, North Dakota 58102.

WRITERS - "UNSALEABLE" MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022.

PUBLISH YOUR OWN BOOK. We print as few as 200 copies paperback, hard cover, pamphlets. Quality, economy, and cooperation. FREE Details, Graphic-copy, Box 285R, Floral Park, New York 11011.

## Business Opportunities

YOU CAN BE YOUR OWN LAWYER. Book shows forms to use (with samples), how to fill out, how and where to file, proper procedures, more. Send \$3.00. Or, Details Free. Katrina's, 796 Calle Del Norte, Sierra Vista, Arizona 85635.

## Employment Wanted

ARCHITECTURAL GRADUATE student seeks to renovate/restore residences/apartments. Will provide design and/or construction work. Any size offer considered. John Richman (202) 338-8023.

OXFORD UNDERGRADUATE, who will be resident in Washington from mid-July to mid-August, seeks employment of nearly any sort, and will be happy for slave wages. Need some help around the office? Call Phil (202) 331-7494.

## Employment Opportunities

TEACHERS-ADMINISTRATORS-current school, college openings list in U.S. \$5.95, abroad \$5.95. Leading placement sources U.S. \$3.95, foreign \$4.95. EISN, Box 662, Newton, Massachusetts 02162.

MATURE, WELL-EDUCATED office manager-secretary-bookkeeper for one-person office of retired active engineer on international development. Live-in arrangement. Some travel. Will consider with one child 12 years minimum or a couple. New Republic Box 8145.

## Arts/Crafts

WALL VASE of natural split-bamboo, ideal for dried flowers or foliage of all seasons. Sheath-shaped holder from Thailand is perfect for generous or Zen-Shibui arrangements. Insert own small bottle for fresh flowers. \$4.95 postpaid. Import House, 200 Mandan St., Bismarck, North Dakota 58501.

Thom D. Hickam  
The Craftsmen of  
Chelsea Court  
2551 Virginia Ave. N.W.  
Watergate, D. C. 20037



**the Copper Puzzle**

The Copper Puzzle is mounted between Plexiglas with brass bolts. Puzzles most common from this series are birds and the human figure. Please state a preference when ordering. 5" x 7" mounted size \$35.

## "SHOW & SELL" CLASSIFIEDS

TNR's new special price gives you a way to display your message with greater impact for less money!

### BOLD HEAD

**\$5** per insertion  
(plus 60¢ per word)

### BOLD HEAD & SIGNATURE

**\$10** per insertion  
(plus 60¢ per word)

### INSET, BOLD HEAD & SIGNATURE

**\$25** per insertion  
(plus 60¢ per word)

### REGULAR CLASSIFIED ADS 60¢ PER WORD

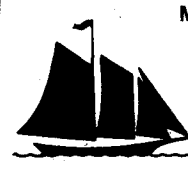
### FREE TRAVEL !!!

Cruises, Tours, Flights - Europe, Caribbean - Elsewhere !! Detailed Booklet Reveal 900-N, Yuba City, California 95991.

### SELL YOUR PHOTOS

Report tells how and where to sell your photos. Learn what kind of

A. Perkins Enterprises, 93  
Street, Chicago, Illinois



**Maine Wind  
Sailing Vacation**  
Antique Reproductions.  
Utmost Dependability  
Territories. 10551 Victor  
Washington 98125. G  
Rockland, Me. 04841 Tel. 207-594-0000

210 FREE PRODUCTS: Cookbooks, diamonds, seeds. Information: \$2.00. Rocking Horse Press, Box 2156, Brooklyn, New York 11202.

Try our "3 for 2" offer.  
You pay for 2 ads -  
we run #3 FREE!

**The New Republic**  
1220 Nineteenth Street, N.W.  
Washington, D.C. 20036

My ad reads: \_\_\_\_\_

I'll try for greater impact with:

- ☐ BOLD HEAD
- ☐ BOLD HEAD & SIGNATURE
- ☐ BOLD HEAD, SIG & INSET (photo enclosed)
- ☐ REGULAR CLASSIFIED

Advance payment enclosed \_\_\_\_\_

Please run my ad \_\_\_\_\_ times

TNR Box Number - 6 words to cover postage and handling

See frequency rates next page

## Gourmet/Cookery

**FOOD ADDITIVE NEWSLETTER.** Monthly consumer's reference analyzing brand name foods. Ratings! Stimulating, in-depth discussions concerning safety and usage. Subscription \$8/year prepaid - Guaranteed refundable! Sample \$1.25. F.A.N., Subscription Department, Box 111, East Northport, New York 11731.

**TRY OUR SPECIALTY "Chicken Supreme"** Meal in One Dish. Send \$1.00. Diehls, P.O. Box 934T, Bensenville, Illinois 60106.

**NATIVE CHILE RECIPES:** Sour Cream Enchiladas, Jalopeno Corn Bread, etc. SASE \$2.00. Rio Grande Grocer, 2914 LaCamila, N.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87111.

**SUPER CHILE recipe,** \$1. Johnson, Box 272D, Mason, Ohio 45040.

## Music

**SASSMANN HARPSICORDS.** Authentic Reproductions. Finest Craftsmanship. Utmost Dependability. Catalog. Gregoire Harpsichord Distributors, 10551 Victory Lane, N.E., Seattle, Washington 98125.

**FASTEST PIANO COURSE IN HISTORY!** American invention. Free information: Box 751-RM, LaCanada, California 91011.

**HARPSICORDS, CLAVICHORDS** by Sperrhake. Dependable, beautiful, moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Maryland.

## THE GREAT ESCAPES

### Vacation/Travel

**ISLAND FOR RENT** - 3 wooded acres, 4 bedroom cottage, Big Rideau Lake, Ontario. Superb swimming, boating, fishing. \$600 fortnight. Box 264, Ithaca, New York 14850.

**PARISWALKS.** A unique and delightful guidebook to the Left Bank of Paris. Walking tours, maps, photos, restaurants, hotels, even recipes! Send \$4.50 to New Republic Books, Box P, 1220 19th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

### Classified Rates

|                                              |     |
|----------------------------------------------|-----|
| Per word (single insertion) .....            | 60¢ |
| Per word 6 times in one contract year .....  | 55¢ |
| Per word 12 times in one contract year ..... | 50¢ |
| Per word 24 times in one contract year ..... | 45¢ |
| Per word 48 times in one contract year ..... | 40¢ |

Payment in Advance of Insertion Required for  
Less Than 24 Insertions in One Year  
24 & 48 Insertions Billed Monthly with One  
Month's Payment in Advance

Copy Deadline: 19 days prior to Saturday issue date.

**THE NEW REPUBLIC**  
1220 Nineteenth Street, N.W.  
Washington, D.C. 20036

**WILDERNESS BACKPACK TRIPS,** guided Mt. climbs in America's Alps. North Cascades Guide Service, Box 97, Winthrop, Washington 98862.

**THE TABARD INN.** End hiltonism. Join Washington's most unique small hotel, where austerity is golden. Write or call, 1739 N St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. 202-785-1277.

**NANTUCKET ISLAND** - Contemporary house, luxuriously furnished. Near uncrowded, endless beaches. 6 miles from town. Weekly, monthly. (216) 721-2322.

**JOIN WEST INDIES SCHOONER CRUISE-** Martinique, Grenada, Guadalupe, Saba, under white sail. 6 informal days of beachcombing in a tropical paradise with congenial shipmates. A great "get away," 'barefoot' and casual. No rush, no TV. Full crew and captain. Share from \$295.00. Free adventure booklet. Write Windjammer Barefoot Cruises, Dept. 28, Miami Beach, Florida 33139

**CAMPERS! ROUGH IT** (Gently). Savor peaceful wooded island, unspoiled lake, eastern Ontario. Cottages, \$60. Duane Barnes, Omphah, Ontario.

**INSIDE TRAVEL SECRETS** for getting the most for your vacation \$\$\$. Know what the experts know for more fun, easy savings, travel-smart planning. Free information. The Travel Advisor, Dept. R7, P.O. Box 31056, Washington, D.C. 20031.

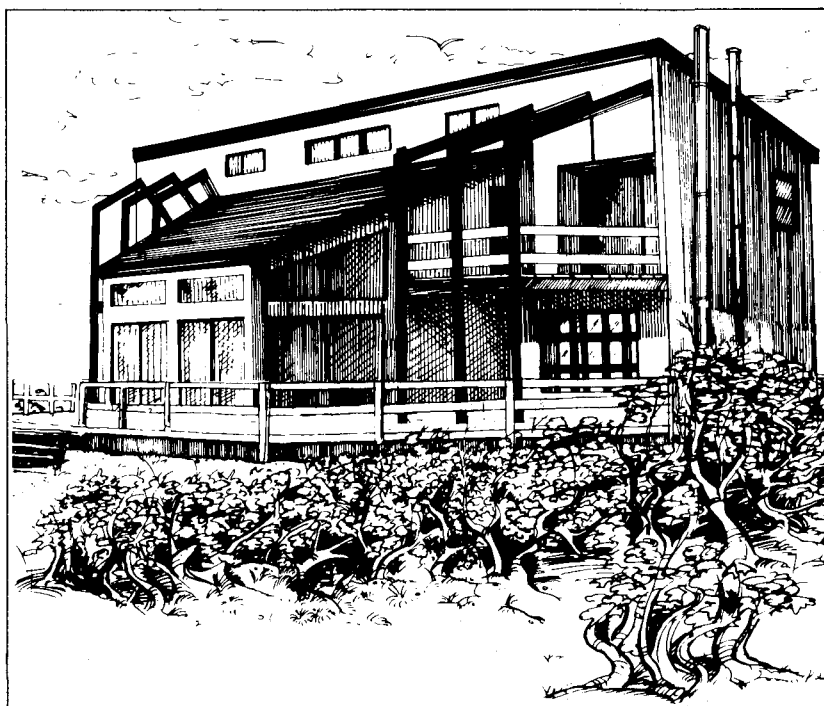
**TROLLHAUGEN FARM,** Newfane, Vermont 05345: Small, non-commercial inn - beautiful surroundings - comfortable rooms - excellent food. Call 802-365-7635 or 802-387-4466.

**BACKPACK THE IDAHO WILDERNESS.** David Petersen will be guiding nature trips into the untouched wilderness areas of Idaho. See the wilds of this beautiful country with this experienced and licensed guide. Equipment and meals provided. Write: Wilderness Trails, P.O. Box 9252, Moscow, Idaho 83843.

## Property Sale/Rent

**NOVA SCOTIA**—Lovely 8-rm., semi-furnished, near shore. Barns, 4 acres. \$14,000. Owner 617-965-0807 (eve.).

**RENT MONTANA RANCH HOME.** Comfortable. Close fishing, forest, school bus. Could keep cow, garden. Sarah Arnott, Hobson, Montana 59452.



Completely modern five bedroom house on Martha's Vineyard Island, Chappaquiddick—Town of Edgartown, Mass. Beautifully decorated and furnished, spiral staircase, cedar inside, decks and terraces. Magnificent site. Frontage on bay is 275 feet with mooring for boat already in. Owner must sell. \$200,000 completely furnished.

For details write: Box 100  
Restaurant Business Magazine  
633 Third Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10017

or call: 212 986-4800 ext. 356

My friend Tom McCoy, the expert on political money, dropped by the other day to compare notes on a fundraising letter we each received bearing the logo of the Democratic National Committee and the signature of Vice President Walter Mondale. The last such solicitation I received from a really high poohbah was a computer letter about a year ago on Gerald Ford's personal stationery, which began, "In the past, you have generously supported the Republican Party and its candidates for office . . ."

This time, the Honorable Mondale is encouraging McCoy and me to throw in with a new outfit called "The President's Club," dues \$25, for which we will be entitled to receive regular policy reports from the administration and to toss some ideas into the hopper in return. "It will be your comments on these reports," Mondale pitches, "which will help us formulate our proposals for strengthening the economy, solving our energy problems, eliminating government waste, and improving our nation's stature in the world."

Now you could crank you nose at this kind of news, as my cynical friend McCoy more or less does, and say, "Since Mr. Carter is devoted to restoring credibility to the White House, he obviously designated Mondale to float this scheme, goofy even by the standards of direct mail salesmen. It's either a prima facie case of fraud by mail or the most preposterous mechanism for national policy making ever unleashed on a long-suffering public."

Or you can recognize, as I do, that it's a new day in Washington, and just get right on board. I'm going to pony up my \$25 for The President's Club (membership card and all) and expect it to be the best money I've put in the mail since I stopped sending off to Battle Creek. This President's Club concoction is going to come as big news to somebody, however, and I think I know who.

Tip O'Neill, pay attention. You're on notice. When it comes time for the committee mark-up on energy policy or the conference on universal voter registration, you'll be hearing from me. Through Mondale.

Busy as it is with pressing national and international affairs, how does the new

palace guard at the White House keep informed about Washington, DC, the town they now live in, or at least drive through to and from work each day? What do they know about the local government here, which now collects and spends their taxes?

Like many of us transplants, they probably take a few preoccupied seconds in the morning to glance over the headlines on page one of the Metro section of the *Washington Post*.

But sometimes those headlines arrest attention, even compel you to read on. Such as: "D.C. Manpower Records Too Incomplete to Audit." Now that's an interesting state of affairs for a public agency. With an annual budget of \$40 million, the agency keeps books that are so thoroughly jiggered even the auditors gave up. Then the manpower officials stonewalled the data so the city council couldn't hold hearings on the problem, whatever good that might have done. At least it's a convenient place to begin zero-based budgeting next year. Or: "Washington Leads the Nation in Rate of Medicaid Error." The city lays out \$30 million in payments annually, and according to two independent studies nearly half of it is being doled out erroneously. If the bad publicity keeps up, the medicaid bookkeepers probably will take the manpower route in the future. Or: "Chloroform in Area Water Supply Reaches Dangerous Levels." Now that one does concentrate the mind. If that stuff was in our water back in Iowa, I sure didn't know about it. But there are too many other things to worry about. Just write it off as another miracle of science gone awry—a little chloroform to offset the effects of the caffeine in your morning coffee.

Welcome, Ham and Jody! Just a few little items on your new hometown that might not have turned up in the Welcome Wagon packet.

**One more headline** that catches the eye: "Carter Denounces Accusation That the Jews Killed Christ." It's the first presidential encyclical seen around here in some time, and it indicates that conventional considerations of church and state aside, Mr. Carter is not finding the weight of his new office theologically confining.

At about the same time, Richard Nixon is back on television with David Frost discussing his own spiritual guideposts. With Henry Kissinger reportedly morose and brooding about the domestic political turmoil caused by the US invasion of Cambodia in April 1970, Nixon bucked up his Secretary of State, invoking a lesson from the Old Testament. "Henry," he said, "we've done it. Remember Lot's wife. Never look back."

Barely four months later, in a little noticed change, the Cambodian government announced that it was dropping French as a foreign language in that country's primary schools and placing more emphasis on English. Counting the costs of the invasion along with Henry's depression, it may have been the most expensive curriculum change ever accomplished. But really, Henry, Nixon was right. With progress like that, how can you feel any need to look back?

The Frost interviews have added a generous number of new entries to the catalogue of great Nixonisms. It is not too soon to predict that some will achieve the stature of classics like "good Republican cloth coat" and "You won't have Nixon to kick around anymore." TRB rightly identifies the accusation that Woodstein caused Pat's stroke as "a skillful thrust by the old master." On the comic side, there is his advice that politicians hounded by journalists should feel free to "crack 'em in the puss." And of course there is the early favorite, "When the President does it, that means it is not illegal."

One of my favorites had a familiar ring. It was not a repetition of anything Nixon had said before. Rather, it was a rhetorical device borrowed from the best-known line of our third-most-quotable Republican (after Nixon and S.I. Hayakawa), Barry Goldwater. Remember those stirring words at the climax of Goldwater's acceptance speech at the 1964 GOP convention? "Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice and moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue." Add to that Nixon's recent contribution—"Paranoia for peace isn't that bad"—and you have a brilliant synopsis of the Republican party platform of the past decade.

K. B.

Audition free for 10 days Karl Böhm's superb Deutsche Grammophon recording of

# Mozart's Six Greatest Symphonies

**SPECIAL BONUS: Mozart's Piano Concertos Nos. 12 and 26**

## All 4 International Award-Winning Records For Less Than The Price Of 1!

Your Introduction To The Unique Money-Saving Program That Offers Free Auditions Of  
Prize-Winning Recordings By The Leading Concert Artists Of Our Time!

**Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart—music's greatest natural genius**—divinely gifted beyond any other musician who ever lived! And into his six greatest symphonies he poured a multitude of his most astonishingly beautiful, incredibly moving inspirations!

Symphony No. 41, "Jupiter"  
Symphony No. 40 in G-minor  
Symphony No. 39 in E-flat  
Symphony No. 38, "Prague"  
Symphony No. 36, "Linz"  
Symphony No. 35, "Haffner"  
Extra! Symphony No. 32

Now you are invited to hear these miraculous works in their finest recording... interpreted with extraordinary empathy by Karl Böhm... played to perfection by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra... captured in unsurpassed stereo realism by Deutsche Grammophon. So outstanding is this recording that it has won *three* of the music world's most eagerly sought honors: the Grand Prix International du Disque, Edison Award and Deutsche Schallplatten Prize! In addition, you will also receive Mozart's Piano Concertos Nos. 12 and 26, "Coronation," superbly performed by soloist Geza Anda with the Salzburg Camerata Academica — winner of the coveted Grand Prix des Discophiles.

**Now enjoy and keep these 4 superb albums for less than the price you'd pay for 1!**

Because these magnificent recordings have met with almost unprecedented acclaim, they have been chosen to introduce you to The Great Awards Collection, a totally new concept in home listening. You may enjoy all eight masterpieces, on four superb-quality, imported records, for 10 days absolutely free. Then keep all four, if you wish, for only \$6.98 (*that's less than the price you'd pay for just one record!*) Simply mail the coupon at right today.

**Here's how the program works...**

As a member of The Great Awards Collection you will receive only the finest recordings of prize-winning concert performances by preeminent orchestras, conductors and soloists. There is no minimum number of recordings you must buy. And you can cancel your membership at any time. What's more, every superb recording you *choose* to examine comes to you on a free 10-day trial basis. So you'll never waste a penny on disappointing purchases!



Approximately 14 times a year you will receive the current issue of our Great Awards Collection Bulletin highlighting an exceptional Selection of the Month and other brilliant classical releases recommended by a distinguished jury of musicians, scholars and musicologists. If you want to examine the Selection of the Month you need do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want any other selection, just mark your choices on the order card you will receive and return it by the date specified. If you do not want any selection, just check the proper box on your order card and return it by the date specified. It's that simple!

**Special half-price bonus offer saves you money!**

In addition to great music, you'll enjoy great savings with our half-price bonus plan. For every record you buy at our low members' price (always well below suggested retail), you may choose an-

other one from a list of award-winners and other critically-acclaimed LPs and pay just half that price! A truly economical way to build your library of superb classical recordings.

How many records are you committing yourself to buy when you return the attached coupon? *None at all!* Even your introductory set of *Mozart's Six Greatest Symphonies* and *Piano Concertos 12 and 26* comes to you *on approval*. Audition it free for ten days, then either return it — or keep it for only \$6.98 for all four records (plus a small postage/handling charge).

Here at last is the ideal way to acquire a connoisseur's record library in easy stages. You listen at home to every award-winning selection you elect to examine before deciding whether to buy it! Please act today! Begin your money-saving, no-obligation membership in The Great Awards Collection by mailing the coupon for your free trial, with four-for-less-than-the-price-of-one purchase option of this essential collection of Mozart's Six Greatest Symphonies and exquisite Piano Concertos Nos. 12 and 26.

**Eight ways The Great Awards Collection helps you enjoy fine music more than ever!**

1. The greatest music by the world's immortal composers.
2. A major, award-winning recording yours to audition each month.
3. Superior imported LPs — silent surfaces.
4. Free ten-day trials of all selections.
5. All selections always far less than retail price.
6. Extra savings with Half-Price Bonus Plan.
7. No obligation to buy — no minimum purchase.
8. Money-saving introductory offer.

— Send no money now — Mail coupon TODAY! —

**Listen for 10 days free. Keep all 4 for less than the price of 1!**

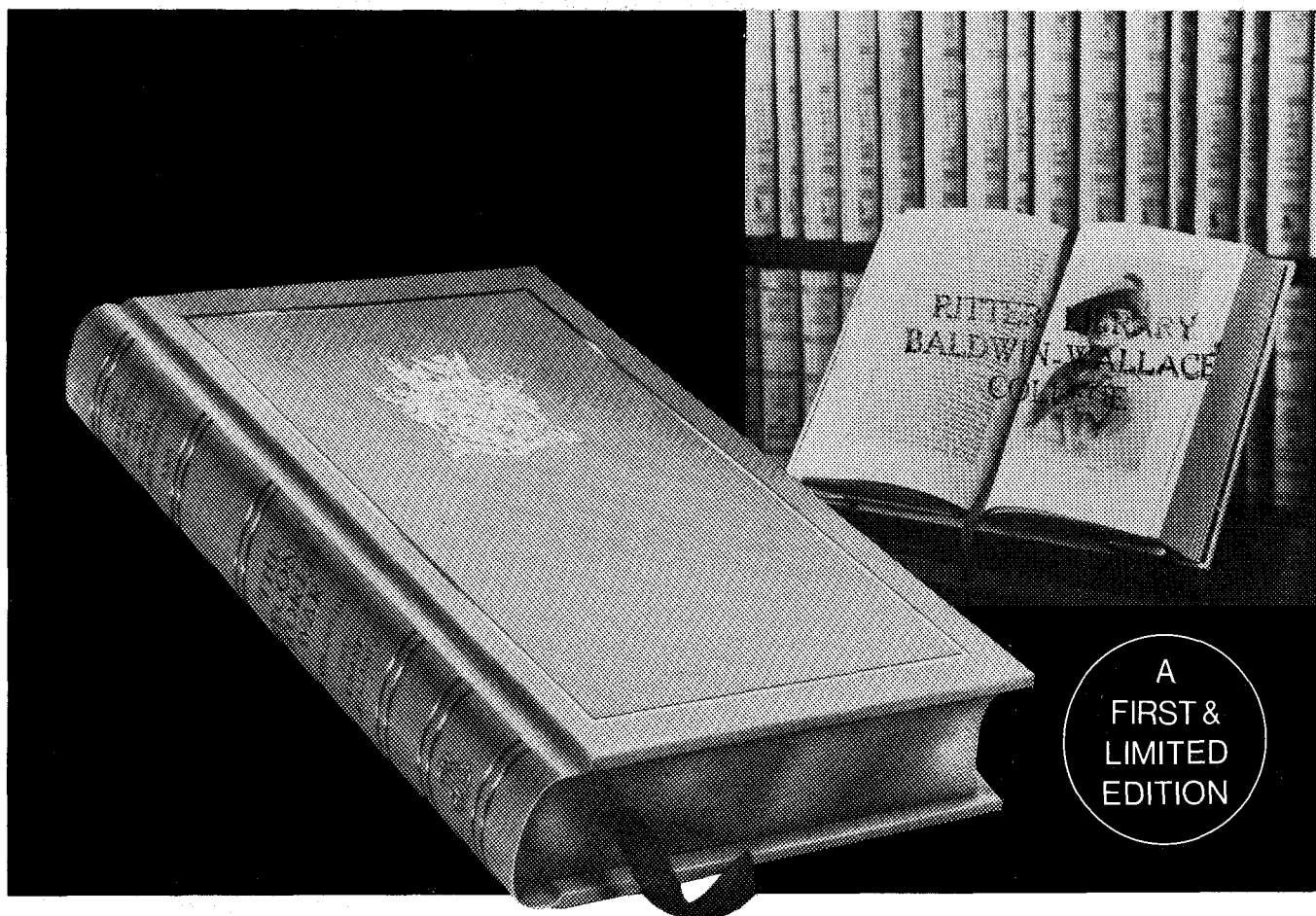
The Great Awards Collection • 175 Community Drive • Great Neck, N.Y. 11025

Please send me, for my free audition, the triple-award-winning recording of Mozart's Six Greatest Symphonies by Karl Böhm, together with Geza Anda's award-winning performance of Mozart's Piano Concertos Nos. 12 and 26. I may return the set after 10 days and owe nothing, or keep it and pay only \$6.98\* for all four Deutsche Grammophon records, plus a small postage/handling charge. This is all four records for less than the regular price of one!

Each month I will also be notified of major award-winning recordings available to Great Award Collection members free for 10 days. For every one of these records I buy at your members' price (always below suggested retail), I may also choose one record at half that price from your special list. I am not obligated to buy any minimum number of records. I may cancel my membership at any time.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
(please print)  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ APT. NO. \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Offer limited to the 48 connecting states. Offer expires 12/31/77. Limit: one membership per household. Only new members eligible. 69221  
NOTE: All applications are subject to review and we reserve the right to reject any application. \*Sales tax added for New York residents.



JUN 3 1977

As Uncompromising As His Spirit...  
and As Sound an Investment As His Ideals...

# THE COLLECTED WORKS OF Sir Winston Churchill

To mark his Centenary, only 500 Investors and Bibliophiles – worldwide – may still have the unique opportunity to acquire the only complete works of Sir Winston Churchill in a single collection ever published anywhere throughout the world. Through an exclusive international copyright agreement, this Limited Edition is the only complete Collection of Churchill's works there can be for this century and for a generation thereafter.

This magnificent massive Collection of 34 volumes, comprising 17,000 pages... five million words – contains every book Churchill ever published – and represents a rare work of scholarship, of art, and of history that will be treasured as long as Sir Winston's memory will endure.

Taking over three years to produce, nothing has been spared to create an unparalleled publishing achievement. Masterfully crafted by hand, every volume of this Limited Edition is bound in natural calfskin vellum – the most durable leather available – and stamped and leafedged in 22-carat gold. To ensure that these great works will be handed down generation to generation, this Limited Edition has been printed on extraordinary Archive text paper that has an anticipated working life of at least 500 years. Each volume is individually slipcased for protection.

Prior to production, it was estimated that 2,000 sets, worldwide, would satisfy the demands of Collectors and Investors. But when this Limited Edition was announced, an

influx of pre-publication subscriptions – from the world's leading universities, the United States Library of Congress, the Parliamentary Libraries of Great Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and from universities and applicants of thirty-odd countries – reduced the present availability of the Churchill Limited Edition to 500 for Private Subscribers.

The serious Collector will immediately recognize the enhanced appeal of this Small Limited Edition, especially in view of the current values of individual first editions by Churchill which now command exceptional prices. A political pamphlet, *Mr. Brodrick's Army*, published in 1903 for five cents, was sold recently by a London dealer for \$3,600; *His Story of the Malakind Field Force*, published in 1898, is today valued at \$720.

In her forward to this Limited Edition, Lady Clementine Churchill writes, "I rejoice to think that he will be remembered not only for his achievements as a statesman, but also for his love and mastery of the English language."

More than a valuable acquisition, this remarkable Collection is a privilege to own that will endure and will be increasingly sought after for generations to follow.

To underscore the authenticity of this Limited Edition, each set of The Collected Works of Sir Winston Churchill will bear a number in the name of the original subscriber. This Registration Number and the name of the original subscriber will be inscribed on a bookplate for the inside cover of each volume.

## ADVANCE RESERVATION

THE CHURCHILL COLLECTION  
400 Madison Avenue  
New York City 10017  
Telephone: 212 + 688-6202

Please register my application as a subscriber to the 34-volume Collected Works of Sir Winston Churchill published in a Limited Edition of 2,000 sets worldwide at the price of \$3,000.

- ☐ I enclose my cheque for \$3,000\* in full payment of the purchase price
- ☐ I enclose a deposit of \$750\* to secure my reservation and will pay the balance of \$2,250\* plus delivery charges upon receipt of the Collection.
- ☐ I enclose a deposit of \$500 to secure my reservation and will pay the balance at the rate of \$95 per month for a period of 30 months.

## MAJOR CREDIT CARDS HONORED.

| Credit Card      | Number | Expiration |
|------------------|--------|------------|
| Signed           |        |            |
| Name             |        |            |
| Address          |        |            |
| City, State, Zip |        |            |

\*Please add applicable Sales Tax.  
(All reservations subject to confirmation and availability.)

NR 64